

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Babylon the Great; a Dissection and Demonstration of Men and Things in the British Capital. By the Author of the *Modern Athens*. 2 vols. post 8vo. pp. 640. London, 1825. Charles Knight.

WHEN the author of the volumes before us published his *Modern Athens*, he found the title ready prepared to his hands, and had only to draw a parallel between the famed city of Attica and Auld Reikie, in order to show its appositeness. On the present occasion, he has, we believe, been the first, in print at least, to style London, *Babylon the Great*; and, although we must hope that the fate of the capital of the Assyrian empire may never be realized in the British metropolis, yet we do not, by any means, deem the title inappropriate. It is true that London has not, like Babylon, a hundred gates of brass; but it has ten thousand brazen faces: we will not, however, attempt to draw the parallel between the two cities, since they are both the most famous of their day; and, since the title of *Babylon the Great*, as applied to London, is too good to inquire into the strict correctness of its application, in minute particulars.

The author of this work and of *Modern Athens* is a strong-minded thinking Scotchman, who has none of the Sir Pertinax Macsycophant about him, but will stand upright in the presence of a great man or a great nation, regardless whether what he says may please or offend. There is, in general at least, and we trust always, a straight-forward sort of honesty about him, which guides his pen without weighing every sentence, and ascertaining if it please such an one, or if it will offend another. He is also a man of the world, who mixes largely in the events and with the characters of the day, and makes his own observations, which, whether correct or not, are at least original and frankly expressed. There is scarcely any subject comes wrong to him, whether it be estimating the character of the aristocracy and their influence on society, or that of the *canaille*, and the probable bane of their connection. His opinions are, perhaps, sometimes rather too dogmatical; and yet there is such an air of sincerity about them, that you cannot for a moment doubt that the author is in earnest; there is also so much truth and correctness in his observations generally, that, where they differ from our own, we seem as much to doubt your own judgment as to question his. To a fidelity of description the author adds a vigour of style and a felicity of expression, which render *Babylon the Great* one of the best books of its kind that has appeared; Vol. VI.

it is free from the besetting sin of the *Modern Athens*—vulgarity: whether this arises from a purer style or a chaster subject, we shall not pretend to determine; it is enough for us, and we do it with great pleasure, to notice the improvement.

The first volume commences with a general view of the extent and character of *Babylon the Great*: the second chapter, describing the author's voyage to Babylon, though well written, might have been spared, as it forms a sort of episode, which has little or no connection either with what precedes or follows it. The general features of Babylon, how far its character is modified by the Scotch and Irish, the good and bad qualities of John Bull, the corporation, state of the fine arts, the ladies, the two Houses of Parliament, with portraits of the most distinguished members,—all form so many topics, on which the author dilates, often very happily, and almost invariably with very considerable talent. The late period, however, at which the work appears (Thursday afternoon) renders our notice of it more hasty than we could otherwise have wished it to be; it is on this account that our extracts may seem taken at random, and if, by any chance, they are not such as to exhibit a fair specimen of the author and his work, the reason we have stated must be our apology. The author commences with a splendid eulogy on London: he says:—

'The literature of England, of Europe, of the world, at any place or for any time, contains not a page, a volume, or a book, so mighty in import or so magnificent in explanation, as the single word—LONDON. That is the talisman which opens the book of nature and of nations, and sets before the observer the men of all countries and all ages, in respect both of what they are and what they have done. Whatever is profound in science, sublime in song, exquisite in art, skilful in manufacture, daring in speculation, determined in freedom, rich in possession, comfortable in life, magnificent in style, or voluptuous in enjoyment, is to be found within the precincts of the great Babylon; and there too are to be found every meanness, every vice, and every crime, by which human nature can be debased and degraded.

'Elsewhere one may contemplate a single feature or lineament of the great picture of man; but here they are all together, and at once upon the canvass, singularly blended and even confounded together, but still strong, graphic, and perfect in all their peculiarities. The direct contemplation of this vast picture is, perhaps, too great a labour for any one man; and the details, if minutely

given, would form a work from the perusal of which the most voracious reader would turn aside: and therefore a sketch, which shall exhibit the great features, physical and intellectual, must, with however light and hasty a pencil it is touched, be fraught with interest.

'London may be considered, not merely as the capital of England, or the British empire, but as the metropolis of the world,—not merely as the seat of a government which extends its connections and exercises its influence to the remotest points of the earth's surface—not merely as it contains the wealth and the machinery by which the freedom and the slavery of nations are bought and sold—not merely as the heart by whose pulses the tides of intelligence, activity, and commerce, are made to circulate throughout every land—not merely as possessing a freedom of opinion, and a hardihood in the expression of that opinion, unknown to every other city—not merely as taking the lead in every informing science, and in every useful and embellishing art,—but as being foremost and without a rival in every means of aggrandizement and enjoyment, and also of neglect and misery—of every thing that can render life sweet, and man happy, or that bitter and man wretched.'

Again, in London—

'You meet with no yawning idler, no curious quidnunc, no peeping inquisitor into your own private history, or into any other private histories of which you may have the keeping. No doubt there are idlers, there are quidnuncs, and there are virtuosi of small slander in London as well as in other places: but they form no feature of London: they come not abroad into the streets, and they neither arrest the steps nor disturb the thoughts of those busy crowds which are everywhere reeling around you. In your provincial town people run in all directions, and are occupied with one single topic, which they toss about like a hand-ball; but in London the case is reversed,—many men pursue the same route, but each is busied with his own speculation, and, as he knows not the persons by whom he is elbowed, he of course never thinks of communicating it to them, or in any way disturbing them about it.

'If any man be seized with an overweening conceit of himself, impressed with an idea of his transcendent importance or value to society, London will cure him, if his cure be not altogether desperate. The puffy provincial, who takes upon him to insult his neighbours because he happens to possess a few thousand pounds becomes a mere cypher in Cornhill or Threadneedle

Street; the provincial bashaw, who ranges the whole village with his equipage, is outshone upon the drive by a slopseller or dealer in old books; and the Adonis who conquers and then abandons half the fair in a remote county, cannot in Bond Street distinguish the fine gentleman that the tailor made, from the tailor that made him; and thus he is humbled in the sight of both.'

Were we genuine cockneys, proud for the honour of the metropolis, we should, perhaps, imitate those cunning chieftains, the booksellers, who cull a line of praise in a review from a whole page of censure, and rest the author's character of London on this single extract; but a love of truth compels us to show the lights and shadows of life. The general character of London, in the first and third chapters, we think extremely well and correctly described. From this general character of Babylon the Great we pass to one or two extracts relating to its peculiarities; and first, of the character and talent of its senators:—

'Sir Francis Burdett, who is a man whom every Englishman, let his party be what it will, must admire under any circumstances, is a very different personage when he trims the jacket of Henry Hunt in Covent Garden market, and when he turns the edge of an opponent's arguments in the House of Commons. Hear him in the first situation, and, though you cannot even there hear him without being somewhat pleased, there is a freedom in his language, which, carried even the least degree farther, would run into vulgarity,—there is a homeliness in his figures, and a broadness in his illustrations, which give you by no means an exalted idea of his refinement,—there is a violence of assertion in his positions, which forces you to think that he is not addressing himself to the understandings of those who hear him,—and there is a looseness and want of concatenation in his arguments—a reiteration of truisms, indefinite generalities, and absolutely of slang terms, which would give you the impression that he is a man of surface and of sound, rather than of any gentleman-like or statesman-like qualifications. But hear him in the House of Commons, and he is so very different, so vastly superior, in every power and in every grace, that you imagine that you are listening to another person altogether. His language, which on the hustings was broad and coarse, is in the house chaste and classical,—his figures, which on the hustings were homely and broad, are in the house chosen with exquisite taste, and managed with admirable skill,—instead of wide and unsupported assertion, the positions which he takes are taken with a force of reason, and defended with a clearness and closeness of illustration, which render them just as impregnable there, as in the other place they appear defenceless,—and, instead of that disjointed and careless manner which on the hustings perplexes you, in the house you hear an oration, which, though it evidently be not the result of laborious or continued study, is more harmonious in its parts, more alive to its object, and more powerful and triumphant in its general bear-

ing, than the purchased speech of any special pleader. In both places you can see that the principles, the feelings, the heart, the manliness, and the stubborn John Bullism (so to express it), of the elegant, eloquent, and patriotic baronet, are the same,—you can see in either place, that there is in him none of the leaven of corruption—not a single point which he hedges to conceal—not one feeling of his own mind to which he is fearful to give expression—not one desire to which he will sacrifice a single atom of what he believes to be the truth—and not one man nor one argument opposed to him, which he fears to meet or is afraid of conquering. In both situations, he appears a man, and an Englishman: but on the hustings he appears as an Englishman, with many of the prejudices of those who feel, but do not think; while in the house, his thoughts and his feelings are in such admirable keeping, that he is the very model of independent men and captivating speakers,—and the rush of all parties into the house when he rises, the deep silence during the statement of his arguments, and the triumphant and involuntary cheers which burst out when he makes his appeals to the principles of the English constitution, and the feelings of the English heart, prove that he commands this character, even from those who are, politically speaking, the most violently opposed to him.'

While on the subject of Parliament, we shall quote the following, generally correct, observations on Mr. Brougham and Mr. Canning, two of the ablest men in the British senate:—

'Brougham and Canning have, as I have hinted, both been the architects of their own fortunes; and, in their progress toward that elevation which they now hold, they have often been compelled to make the bricks of those buildings without straw. Each of them started as a literary man, and sought place—if, indeed they did seek place, and place did not seek them,—not by fawning upon and bending to those in power—not by offering themselves in the humble capacity of hewers of wood or drawers of water to the political priests and Levites of the time, but by declaring, each in his particular path, that intellect was his idol,—an idol of which no consideration would make him forego the worship

'Canning, who came first into play, came at a time when the arrows of the adverse party, shot keen and pointed, were sticking all over the flesh of those in power; and it was because the juvenile sallies of this brilliant personage took away the smart of these, and turned the public attention to them, that he was first decidedly brought into notice. At that time it is plain that his own party, or rather the party which he assisted, knew nothing of the better substratum of his character which those glittering qualities concealed. They did not know that the man who was flapping the buzzing flies of pretended patriotism all over the world, had the flame of genuine liberty warmly cherished in his own breast,—they did not know that he who, in those days, contented himself with a smart epigram or a sparkling song, would be

the man who should be, if not solely yet mainly, instrumental in bringing England out of that gall of bitterness into which untoward times and unfortunate connections had plunged her. They did not know these things; and to those who looked coolly and closely into the subject, it was farther evident that they regarded the genius which they courted as an instrument which would be somewhat dangerous in the use. There was, and it continued for a considerable time, a disposition to consider Mr. Canning as engaged rather than associated—as one who was to be used, rather than one who was to be trusted: they saw and felt from the beginning, that he had an eye which would not be closed, and they felt, upon a few occasions, and feared in many more, that he had a tongue which would not remain silent,—that, in short, his love of office, even supposing that he had that love, was not a love of the mere connection or reward of office, but a love of the very highest honour that office can afford,—standing in the foremost place, and standing there in his own strength.

'But while those feelings of inferiority, those little twitches of envy, which, though they embody the thing itself, are yet all too meek for assuming its name—those apprehensions lest he should stick a javelin in something which they considered very sacred, carry a light into some corner which they thought and which they wished to be perfectly snug, and clap the cap and bells upon something which they had felt disposed to venerate as the owl of wisdom itself,—while these, and many others which I need not mention, were behind the right honourable gentleman, quietly and cautiously stretching out their little hands, if not to pull him back, at least to keep him at the same easy jogging pace with themselves,—they upon the other side were hurling against his face every word of the vocabulary which was more harsh in sound and more hateful in sense than another. As these dealers in the vocabulary knew less of the real character and the real talents of Mr. Canning than the others, and as their anger was up, and the glory of their party at stake, they were, perhaps, less to be blamed; but still the whole political conduct of the man, as it has developed itself since he could act unfettered, might read to those who deal in political vituperation a very wholesome lesson of caution. The event has shown that the view which he took, if not so specious to rant and declaim about, has been taken in as profound a knowledge of the state of society, and with, to say the least of it, as advantageous a bearing upon the happiness of mankind. Furthermore, it turns out that the man who, if we had believed them, was ready to sacrifice every thing for office, and ready to do every work, provided he were paid for it, was more determined in his opinions and more sensitive in his honour than any of themselves; and even they need not be told that the man, who again and again goes out of office for the sake of his principles, stands far higher than those who, even for the sake of his principles never could get in. If one were to concede the premises,

and to admit that there is something corrupting in the very nature of office, and something pure and patriotic in the nature of opposition, then it follows, that a saint upon the Treasury-benches, is thrice as immaculate as a saint upon the other side of the house. If a man has never been in the way of temptation, nobody knows whether he could hold fast his integrity or not; but, if he have so been, and so held fast, then the case is proved, and the judgment is recorded.

That such is the situation of Mr. Canning, no man will deny; and every man must see, that, considering the jealousy and misrepresentation through which he has worked his way, nothing but the most undaunted spirit, and the most implicit confidence in his own strength, could have supported him. That he is either the most profound or the most laborious man of his time nobody will assert; but it is long since England had, for any length of time, a minister better calculated for winning the approbation of the people at home, or supporting the character of the nation in the general politics of the world. That he came into office at the time that he did, has been productive of no inconsiderable advantages; for, considering the then aspect of affairs, it is probable that, had England been too forward to declare herself on the side of either the one or the other of the then scowling parties, the energies which are now so pleasantly and so profitably employed in taking off the shackles of commerce might have been demanded for less agreeable avocations.

The second volume is devoted to the corporate eloquence, literature, law, and education of Babylon the Great, in which the author dwells not only generally on the diurnal and other branches of the periodical press, but enters into a distinct character or portrait of each journal. There is much good sense, acuteness of observation, and, we think, a tolerable degree of impartiality in the author's remarks, though he does not always appear to be the best-informed on the subject. The work has, as we have already stated, been published too late in the week, and the space we are enabled to devote to a notice of it is already too far occupied to enable us to enter into a critical examination of the author's opinions, or, rather, we would say, observations. With regard to the newspapers, *The Times* is his idol, which is natural enough, considering the superiority of that journal in point of information, and, perhaps, it is equally natural should the author of *Babylon the Great* and some of *The Times*-servers be united by bonds of personal friendship, which we half suspect, from that journal having gone so far out of its usual course as to praise *Babylon the Great* by anticipation, at least a fortnight before it appeared. One thing, however, we must say—the praise was just, and we are by no means certain that the compliment to *The Times* is not equally well merited. If anything would make us suspect the too great partiality of the author of *Babylon* to *The Times*, it is the way in which he speaks of its contemporary, *The New Times*, against which there is a dull joke and an unworthy sneer.

The Courier, too, must be depreciated at the expense of *The Times*, as to the accuracy of the parliamentary reports. If the author of *Babylon the Great* had considered the difficulty under which those reports are made, and had observed the discrepancy of the newspapers in this respect, he would not feel surprised that they should differ; but *The Courier* does not have its own reporters, except, perhaps, on a very particular occasion, and, however erroneous or perverted one of its reports may have been on a particular or individual occasion, we hesitate not to say, there is not a journal in London on which we would sooner rely for the correctness and impartiality of its reports of the proceedings in Parliament, be the subject under discussion what it may. But leaving, for the present at least, the London periodicals, with which the writer affects to be much more intimately acquainted than he really is, and on which his prejudices and partialities have had some influence, we shall make an extract from our author's satirical, but in many respects very correct, character of that branch of the corporation of London, called the Common Council:—

‘The orators of the Common Council have the happiness of being set free from many of those restraints which operate in St. Stephen's, and yet more in the House of Lords. They speak, not because they know knowledge or have studied oratory, but through the immediate inspiration of themselves; and it is quite delightful to notice from how many inconveniences this glorious liberty sets them free. They have nothing to do with the common allotments of space or the usual succession of time; and therefore they can produce combinations which, if they do not convince by their truth, astonish by their novelty. A common councilman, if he find it necessary to flourish away respecting Leonidas, is at perfect liberty to send the former javelin-men of the city to aid the brave but unfortunate Spartan; and, if it will sound better, one of those orators may burn Troy or bury Herculaneum, long before either the one or the other was founded. He may do all this, and as much more like this, as he pleases, in history; and, excepting always the art of cookery, he may treat every other art and science precisely in that way which is most convenient for himself, because, in whichever way he treats it, it has the same chance of being understood by a very considerable number of those who hear him.

‘There is another thing which gives to the “London particular” eloquence—the eloquence which is of and from and about the Babylon, and the Babylon only—a freedom which that of no other speaking congregation can well possess,—the three states meet together; and, though the annual king and the life-rent peers of the city occupy the counter, while the common plebs are upon the floor, yet the youngest liveryman may oppose front to front the most portly alderman, or brow-beat even the lord of the fur cap himself. Another advantage attending the London particular eloquence is, that one may hear it without any other expense than that of time—which, after all, may be considered price

enough, except by future Woods and Waithmans, who abstain for a little from their rhu-barb and their ribands, in order to drink instruction from their civic Solomons.

‘Imagine yourself in a square apartment of very moderate dimensions, with a shop-board at one end, upon the middle of which sits the metropolitan king, of giant dimensions, and having at his side his conscience-keeper, that tip-top of all wisdom, the recorder, to whom belongs the glorious privilege of seeing that justice is done to fetters, to exile, and to the gallows, within the Great Babylon and the liberties thereof. You look at the odd physiognomy of this dignitary, and you are perfectly at a loss to ascertain by what strange whirl of the epicurean atoms—I beg their pardon, for though they are epicurean, they are anything but atoms—such an article should have been brought to such an use. The most probable theory is a desire to take advantage of the contrast which the legal adviser makes with the substantial breadth of that personage whom it is his province legally to advise,—just as a giant used to borrow altitude from the manikin that dangled at his side, as a Spanish beauty shines in consequence of the ugliness of her duenna, as Gog and Magog look formidable among the wool-pack chiselings of Bubb, or, better and more appropriate still, as Alderman Wood seems a very wise man, and Alderman Waithman a very elegant and eloquent one, when they stand overtopping the common councils like a brace of Sauls—albeit no wise intent upon seeking their fathers' asses. “Wisdom,” saith the wise man, “is justified in her children;” and it were a hard matter indeed, if the more soft and safe personage were not to be equally justified in her adopted, especially when the act of adoption can be clearly established as belonging to her.

‘Upon the right hand of the civic speaker sit those substantial aldermen, whose very look tells you that they are satisfied with things as they are, and upon his left the solemn W and the sonorous W [the Babylonians hold the W at so great value, in consequence, no doubt, of the Walworths, the Whittingtons, the Woods, and the Waithmans, that the half of it passes current in the city, for as much as the whole does anywhere else], the one looking wisdom of unfathomable depth, and the other acuteness of incomprehensible point. The men of the city crowd the middle space, and the idle and industrious apprentices squeeze themselves into the pews below the bar,—the former, doubtless, to be warned from wickedness by the scarecrow, and the latter to be roused to emulation by the most worthy and most worshipful successor of Whittington.

The portraits of some of the principal speakers at these meetings are also well drawn; take, for example, that of Mr. Samuel Dixon:—

‘Mr. Dixon rises without any of the arrogance of a regular orator, and he displays none of the qualities which frighten you in the alderman. His speech puts you very much in mind of a housewife's reticule, containing gold, and gloves, and memorandums

and handkerchiefs, and an endless variety of things,—all of which appear to have been put into it with such housewife hurry, that you can never discover what shall come next; and the gold, which, just as is the case with a reticule, is neither the most abundant nor the most bulky article, comes rattling out when it is certainly not expected, and, probably, not intended. No words, however, can do justice to this London particular. The knowledge which is known in the Common Council is so peculiar and so intuitive—the wit is so different from that which bears the same name among mankind generally—the logic is strung together after so curious a fashion, and conclusions so sprout out of premises, which appear not only to belong to other genera of things, but to be utterly addle and barren,—that the eloquence which is so effective there, cannot be poured into, or carried away by, the common clay pitcher of the human understanding; and, therefore, he who would either understand it, or demonstrate that it cannot be understood—for between these the balance of justice wavers—must repair to Guildhall himself.

Intending to resume these volumes in our next, we shall, for the present, conclude with the author's remarks on the proposed plan of a London university, which we understand did not originate with the poet Campbell, as his letter in Colburn's magazine would have us believe, but with Mr. Brougham:—

'There have recently been some proposals for the founding of a Babylonian University upon a liberal plan, both in respect to the extent of the endowments, and the numbers, and terms of admitting the pupils; but they from whom such a proposal came could not have studied very carefully the structure of Babylonian society. A school of arts might do; but a university is so contrary to all the existing practices of the Babylon, that it is not much less absurd than if one were to purpose forming the Jews of Capel Court into an agricultural society, or forming the Court of Aldermen into a company of sharpshooters in the event of another war. Every institution in the Babylon must have either business or pleasure for its object, otherwise it will not be supported. If it had been the proper locality for a university, it would have had one ere now,—and now it has lectures, reported to be delivered twice a day by the Gresham professors at the Royal Exchange; but who ever heard of any body attending them, except a curious stranger, bent upon being every where?

'But if the system of juvenile education in the Babylon be constitutionally and, to all appearance, incurably bad, except in so far as conduces to business and amusement, the course which opens itself most easily and most widely for youth is not calculated very much to improve matters. The desk, the counter, or the court of law, from early morn till dusk; the coffee-house, the club, or the theatre, till twelve; the tavern for an hour or two; sleep; and the same routine day after day,—can create little taste, and leave little time for mutual cultivation: nor, if we look a little higher, as it is called, in society, and substitute the toilette, the lounge, and

the gaming-house, we shall not make an exchange very much for the better. Whatever view of the matter, indeed, we take, we are always brought back to the position from which we started,—namely, that, however favourable London may be for the exercise or the reward of talents, it is not favourable for their production.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

Observations on Italy. By the late JOHN BELL, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. 4to. pp. 356, plates. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London.

WE do not know how it has happened, but it seems as if every body who has travelled at all, either in France or Italy, considers himself competent to write the history of his peregrinations; and men who might have visited every county in England without a single remark, set down their random observations the very instant they cross the channel, and somehow or other collect materials for a book. But it is lamentable to perceive how few tourists are at all competent to the task which they assume. One man gives you little more than his own personal adventures, without the least trait of narrative to atone for the dulness and egotism of the subject; another ekes out his own shallowness and the scantiness of his observation by common-place historical extracts; a third presents you with little more than a dull inventory of pictures and catalogue of buildings, that might as well have been compiled by his own fireside, from various *Guide per Forastieri*; as the writer most cautiously abstains from any criticism of his own, or, at least, gives such vague criticism as might be written without seeing the objects on which it professes to comment. And then, too, one great fault of all these writers is, that they speak of nothing that has not been already described again and again. If they did so with the view of correcting the errors, and supplying the deficiencies of preceding travellers, that, indeed, would be something; but the fact is that they seldom add one *iota* to what we were previously acquainted with. Nor, indeed, is this much to be wondered at, when it is so plain that the generality of them are utterly destitute of all tact of observation and talent for description. Take a dozen of these tourists, and, excepting the capital, you will not find a notice of half a dozen towns, and of the intermediate country absolutely nothing, except such information as is conveyed by the phrases, 'barren flat,' 'fertile champaign, intersected with trees and vines,' 'rich meadows,' &c. As to the general physiognomy and features of a town, the general characteristics of its population, the present state of the mechanical and the fine arts; and of literature, recent alterations and improvements, or the absence of them—on these and similar topics seldom a single syllable, at least little more: we are, however, obligingly informed, for the thousandth time, what is the exact height of Strasburg spire, and that Versailles was built by Louis XIV. A man may take up a score books of travels in Italy, and what will be the aggregate of the

information that he can collect from them relative to Milan? Why, little more than observations on the cathedral, the Teatro della Scala, and the arch of the Simplon; we do not recollect one at present, who attempts to give any picture of the general aspect of the city, and of the relative and local position of the more remarkable objects. Yet in this they may act very prudently, since it is not every one who possesses the talent of depicting with his pen, and of conveying clear and definite delineations of what meets his eye.† Nor is this the only subject of complaint: what is noticed is generally noticed as if the objects were quite familiar to the reader, and in that vague and loose language which conveys nothing. We are informed, for instance, that elegant equipages are to be seen in the Corso at Milan: true, and there are elegant equipages in Hyde Park; but we presume that any but the most careless observer would perceive a considerable difference in the character of the English and the Italian carriages. But the great vice of our travellers is that they notice familiar objects in other countries as if precisely resembling those of the same description in our own. When informed of elegantly furnished apartments in an Italian palazzo, is the reader to imagine them fitted up like a first floor in Pall Mall or Piccadilly? Rooms may be elegantly furnished in a great variety of styles: we think, therefore, that on such occasions language less vague should be employed. A talent for graphic description is not one of the least important qualifications that ought to be possessed by a writer of travels.

Such being our opinion as to some of the desiderata in works of this nature, we look forward to almost every work that is announced on the subject of Italy, in the hope of finding them supplied; yet we must confess that we did not exactly open the present volume with any very sanguine expectations of the kind, and have not, therefore, been so much disappointed as we otherwise should have been. What, however, the author had more immediately in view he has executed well, and his work contains many interesting and valuable remarks on the subject of ancient and modern art, particularly sculpture, of which his superior anatomical knowledge and attainments rendered him a most competent critic. The very circumstance, too, that this is a posthumous, and in some degree an incomplete work, prepared from the author's manuscript notes, is a suf-

* In a very interesting article on the 'Palladian architecture of Italy,' in the just-published number of the Quarterly Review (in which there is more on the subject than in almost all our tourists put together) mention is made of the beautiful Porta di Marengo, at Milan, a building which we do not recollect to have seen noticed at all in any book of travels. Neither have we met with any description of the Villa Floridiana, the Berio Palace, the Observatory, the Margravine of Anspach's villa, and the Villa Genano, all at Naples.

† Two of the best specimens of the style of description we mean, and that we at present recollect, are two articles, one on Pisa, the other on Genoa, in the Liberal.

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ficient apology for any error or deficiencies that may be discovered; as may, likewise, the consideration that his remarks were not intended for publication by the writer himself. Proceeding from Paris *via* Lyons, Mr Bell crossed Mount Cenis, and entered Italy by Suza, whence he proceeded to Turin, and next to Milan. At this latter city the principal objects of his attention were the cathedral, Leonardi da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' and the Arch of the Simplon; and from his account of the former we shall extract his remarks on the noted statue of St. Bartolomeo, mentioned by almost every traveller:—

'In the sanctuary of this cathedral there are four statues, one of which, that of St. Bartolomeo, never fails to attract attention, and obtain for the statuary that praise which his modest, or, perhaps, rather vain, inscription affects to disclaim: "Non me Praxiteles Marcus fecit Agrates." The most usual rejoinder to which is, "Although not surpassing the Greek artist, it is very fine!" Nevertheless the work is altogether ludicrous, the composition base, and the execution wretched. The figure is not represented as if prepared for martyrdom, nor agitated, as if touched with the sacrilegious knife: it stands already flayed, a complete upright statue, a great staring form, with the hands and fingers spread abroad, the eyeballs strained, and the features and muscles of the face in strings. The whole anatomy, or what this Praxiteles was pleased to imagine anatomy, of the human body, from the shoulders to the finger-points, is displayed by removing the skin, which is left hanging in shreds; the skin of the head hanging behind the head, the skin of the arm and leg hanging in like manner from each limb. Such is the odious and ridiculous figure which stands in the sanctuary of the church, exhibiting itself in the tripping posture of a dancing-master, as if demanding praise from the strangers who are carried to view it. I declare, on the faith of one not unacquainted with art, nor with anatomy, that there is nothing of real anatomy—no not the slightest representation of it—in this grotesque figure; and, unless strangers are to admire the graceful attitude and composed manner of a being under circumstances so excruciating, they can see nothing to cause admiration.'

Such remarks as these, from such a man, are deserving of the highest attention, and strike us with all the force both of originality and truth. Of Da Vinci's *Cena* he next proceeds to speak:—

'Nothing is more interesting than this famed picture, and nothing, I will venture to say, so striking to one who visits this relic of ancient art as the condition in which he finds it. It is in a monastery, built in the year 1464, by Francis Sforza, Duke of Milan, erected for a fraternity of Dominican friars, belonging to a church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, styled Delle Grazie.

'The monastery is destroyed: the church is nothing; you pass it by: the refectory, or dining-hall, where the picture is, is nothing; the painting itself would not attract the attention of any one ignorant of art. I do not wonder that the French soldiery se-

lected the place for a stable; nor that they promoted it, in process of time, to the rank of a barrack for foot soldiers. Imagine yourself led into a large apartment, with lofty plastered walls; the door in the centre, like a parish school; the windows high, and irregularly placed, but pretty large; the flat walls painted of a grey colour; the ceiling whitewashed; the floor of the roughest flags; the place too small for barracks, of which it has generally the aspect, and too vast and chilly for a school. At one end you find this picture, painted high upon these rude walls in fresco, the figures of the size of life, injured and discoloured, and the walls much damaged. Perhaps it will be expected in the next paragraph, I shall say: "Yet even in circumstances so unpropitious, the Last Supper shone with splendour;" but no; it is like every spoiled fresco, a poor washy-looking thing, and I impartially declare that I should hardly have discovered its beauties, and was forced to bring to recollection Morgham's superb engraving, not without some wonder in what state the painting could then have been, what copies he consulted, or by what means he made good his design.

'The conception of the artist is the finest, the most awful and grand imaginable; and the moment he has chosen, the most interesting, the most calculated to excite all the various sensations of curiosity, pain, wonder, and horror; it is when our Saviour says, "One among you shall betray me."

'The picture is now nearly lost, and all its beauty gone; and this is principally owing to the whimsical theories Leonardo had conceived in the composition and manner of laying on his colours. He is reported to have been occupied sixteen years in this painting: the chief part of which time was, I doubt not, employed in experiments more properly chemical; and, after having tried and repeated many materials, he at last finished the picture in oil, on a ground composed of pitch, mastic, and plaster, combined with some fourth ingredient, and wrought with heated iron; an invention probably altogether his own, but which was afterwards used by Sabastian del Piombo. Over this preparation he laid his fresco, a cement of burnt clay and ochre, which, being mixed up with varnish, formed a colouring of great beauty, but short duration.

'The precise period when Leonardo commenced this great work is not correctly ascertained; but it is supposed to have been towards the beginning of the year 1495. He began by forming a general plan of the whole, which (with many other valuable productions of his) is unfortunately lost. He next proceeded to make separate sketches of the heads, of which two are still in existence, one in the possession of Prince Lichtenstein, and the other purchased, a century ago, by an Englishman. A painting on a subject of such deep interest, and by an artist so eminent, could not fail to inspire the liveliest feelings among his friends and contemporaries; but curiosity and enthusiasm, to whatever height they might have arisen, had no remedy but patience; for, though the object constantly held the first place in the thoughts

of Da Vinci, sixteen years elapsed before it was finally accomplished. Bernardo Genale, on his expressing the difficulty of giving to the countenance of our Saviour a divine beauty and excellence superior to that which he had already attained in those of some of the apostles, particularly of St. John, recommended him to follow the example of the celebrated Grecian artist, and leave the work unfinished; with which advice, according to one author (Lanazzo), he complied; but this statement is entirely contradicted by every other writer.

'The description of the whole composition given by Cardinal Frederic Borromeo breathes all the fervour of a feeling mind, warmed to enthusiasm by admiration; and this is the language which is held by all the professors and authors of the day.'

On the subject of the Theatre of La Scala, Mr. B says not a word; yet we do not regret this so much as that he should have passed over in silence the varied specimens of religious architecture with which Milan abounds, many of which are highly interesting. We wish that Wild, and some others of our architectural draftsmen, would devote a summer, or perhaps two, to this and some other cities in Lombardy, where they would find an ample harvest for their portfolios.

After visiting Pavia, Placentia, Parma, Modena, and Bologna, the author visits Florence, to which city he has devoted particular attention: and all the plates which he has given are illustrative of its buildings. The subjects of most of these embellishments are interesting; but the execution of them is not very superior, and, as plates, they present such difference of manner, that we cannot suppose them to have been engraved by the same person, although they all bear the name of Mr. Lizars; but we presume that many of them were executed by his pupils. We shall extract the remarks on the general style of the palaces of Florence, which answer as little to the idea affixed by an untravelled Englishman to the term 'palace,' as can well be imagined:—

'The architecture of Florence is grand and gloomy beyond that of all the other cities in Italy. Were these singular buildings displayed by greater breadth of street, or if these imposing fabrics could be translated to other cities, the vast and magnificent character which distinguishes the Tuscan style would then be seen. To this hour, Florence bears the aspect of a city filled with nobles and their domestics,—a city of bridges, churches, and palaces. Every building has a superb and architectural form; the streets are short, narrow, and angular, and each angle presents an architectural view, fit to be drawn for a scene in a theatre; each house is a palace, and a palace in Florence is a magnificent pile, of a square and bulky form, of a grand and gloomy aspect, with a plain front, extending from two to three hundred feet, built of huge dark grey stone, each measuring three or four feet. A coarse rubble-work rises in a solid form to twenty or thirty feet in height. A great grooved stone, or stylobate, sets off the building from the street, forming a seat which runs the whole length

of the front; and which, in feudal times, was occupied by the dependents of the family: who there loitering in the sultry hours of the day, lay asleep under the shelter of the broad deep cornice, which, projecting from the roof, threw a wide shade below. The immense stones of this coarse front bear huge iron rings in capacious circles, in which sometimes were planted the banners of the family; at others they were filled with enormous torches, which, in times of rejoicing, burned and glared, throwing a lengthened mass of light along the walls. Not unfrequently merchandise was displayed drawn through these rings and sometimes also they served for tying up the horses of the guests.

The first range of windows, which are ten feet from the ground, are grated and barred with massive frames of iron, resembling those of a prison, and producing an effect singularly sombre and melancholy. The front of this building has on the second floor, styled *piano nobile*, a plain and simple architrave. The windows are high and arched, placed at a considerable distance from each other, and are ten or fifteen in number, according to the extent of the front. They were often so high from the floor within, that in turbulent times, when the house was itself a fortress, the besieged, leaping up three or four steps to the window, would from thence view and annoy the enemy. The third story is like the second in plainness, and in the size of the windows. The roof is of a flat form, with a deep cornice and bold projected soffits, which gives a grand, square, and magnificent effect to the whole edifice. The chimneys are grouped into stacks: the tops of which, increasing in bulk as they rise in height, resemble a crown; the slates with which they are constructed are placed in such a manner as to produce the effect of ventilation, having a plaited form, resembling the fan-heads of the inside of a mushroom. This gives a rich and finished aspect to the most trivial or most undignified part of the building. Immense leaden spouts, that project three or four feet, collect the waters, which, in the great rains of these countries, fall with extreme violence, descending with the rush and noise of torrents from the roof.

Two or three long flat steps lead to the porch of the palace; and the entrance is by a high arched, massive iron gate, the doors of which are cross-barred, studded with iron and bronze nails, and the ornaments of the pannels are richly covered and embossed. The effect of these gates is very splendid. They open into a cortile or court, the base of which is encircled by a high arched colonnade, supported by marble columns. Beautiful gardens often adjoin the palace, and, through a corresponding gate or iron railings, the eye rests on the luxuriant verdure of rich foliage.

The description of the Gallery, at Florence, and of the various works of art it contains, occupies the whole of the seventh chapter, and is replete with sound and able criticism. Mr. Bell is not one of those connoisseurs who talk by rote, and fall into studied raptures and ecstasies; on the contrary, he gives his opinions candidly and boldly, and evidently

thinks for himself. Speaking of Bandinello's copy of the celebrated Laocoon, he says,—'This work, to my feelings, is a caricature representation of a subject in itself equally unpleasing and shocking. It is as if an artist should undertake to represent, as a public spectacle, the tortures of the inquisition. I can never contemplate this group without something of horror mingled with disgust; and I also think that much of the interest it might command is destroyed, from the forms of the two youths, whose countenances and make, instead of exhibiting the charm and helplessness so touching in childhood, are only diminutive men.'

The Gallery itself is a corridor, nearly five hundred feet in length, 'gloomy, narrow, and with no proportionate height of ceiling, to give dignity or grandeur to the general effect; compared to the Louvre or Versailles, it is very mean.' The famous Tribune, too, is 'a mean and gloomy chamber—a dull, tasteless, dreary, melancholy apartment.' The author's remarks on Rome terminate the volume, but these are principally confined to the Vatican and its statues. On the subject of St. Peter's, the Pantheon, and other celebrated buildings, we find nothing. Still these 'Observations' may be considered as no unimportant accession to what we already possess, on the subject of Italy and Italian art: they will, however, we imagine, prove more acceptable to the admirers of sculpture and antiquity than to the general reader.

The Art of Beauty; or, the Best Methods of Improving and Preserving the Shape, Carriage, and Complexion. Together with the Theory of Beauty. 12mo. pp. 385. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

BEAUTY has been the theme of poets and even philosophers in all ages, though the latter differ sadly as to what are its constituent parts. Some contend that there is no such thing as positive beauty, but that it exists only by comparison or contrast: of this opinion was Voltaire, who says, were you to ask a toad in what beauty consists, it would (that is, if it could speak) say it consists in a wide mouth and speckled back. Those philosophers who have given some specific characteristics of beauty almost differ as widely as those who deny that it possesses any such. Plato thought beauty consisted in proportion and symmetry; Cicero, in uniformity and agreement; St. Augustine said nothing was beautiful in which truth and unity were not combined,—which is, after all, but a very vague definition; Lord Shaftesbury, Addison, Akenside, and Dr. Hutcheson, seemed to think that every person possesses an internal sense, which instinctively decides what is or is not beautiful. This sense must have been very different in the two women who were near the hustings, at Brentford, during the contest of Wilkes for the county of Middlesex. 'La! what a handsome man Mr. Wilkes is!' said one fair dame. 'Oh, no!'

* In these respects at least, if in no others, there must be a great similarity between the Tribune at Florence and the Sculpture Room at Somerset House.

said another, 'he squints most abominably.' 'Squints!' replied the first, 'he does not squint a bit more than a gentleman ought to do.' Hutcheson, however, carried his idea of the internal sense much farther: he thought that this internal sense did not constitute beauty alone, but that there were required utility, uniformity, and vanity. But we suspect there are many ladies of the present day who would not wish their beauty to be estimated by their utility.

Burke considered beauty to consist in something little, smooth, delicate, and easily injured: and Sir Joshua Reynolds did not think size had anything to do with the question, but that beauty consisted in something ordinary, and avoiding all extremes. So much for the opinion of philosophers as to beauty; and poets are scarcely less agreed, except as to its power, which—

'With a bloodless conquest finds

A welcome sovereignty in rudest minds.'

Thus Cleaver describes the power of beauty; and Otway is still more expressive of its omnipotent sway, when he speaks of his heroine as one whose beauty—

'Might ensnare

A conqueror's soul, and make him leave his crown,

At random to be scuffled for by slaves'

Of all the poets, Cowley has, perhaps, best defined the indefinite character of beauty in general, in the following apostrophe:—

'Beauty, thou wild fantastic ape,
Who dost in ev'ry country change thy shape;
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white:

Thou flatt'rer, who comply'st with ev'ry sight;
Who hast no certain what, nor where,
But vary'st still, and dost thyself declare
Inconstant, as thy she professors are.'

But, much as authors may differ as to the characteristics of beauty, all seem to agree that it consists in those natural perfections or combinations to which Shakspeare alludes, when he says:—

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.'

It has, however, remained for modern times to reverse the order of nature, or rather to supersede her: we saw the air like birds, sail along the deep in spite of winds and waves, supersede the use of horses, and even much of manual labour, by means of steam-engines; then we have automata which would beat both the London and Edinburgh clubs at chess, play on the flute like Nicholson or Druet, and do a thousand feats in which ordinary men would fail: but what are all these triumphs of art to that which our author teaches—the Art of Beauty! Hear this, ye antiquated maids, who are in the autumn of age and in the winter of your personal charms; and all ye who are still young, and have failed in gaining admirers, purchase the Art of Beauty—follow the precepts it inculcates, and you shall vie with nature, even as the artificial rose of the Queen of Sheba did with the natural one; nor fear that your swains will possess the wisdom of Solomon and discover the deception. But, to come at once to the work, from which we have, we fear, too long kept our readers; and in this we do not re-

semble our author, who, aware of the imputed impatience of the fair sex, stops for neither dedication, introduction, nor preface, but at once proceeds to the art of beauty, and the means of attaining and preserving it. He commences with the beauty of shape and carriage; a branch of the subject which embraces the nurture and bringing up children, for, in beauty as in morality, 'train up a child in the way that he shall go, and, when he is old he will not depart from it.' He points out the causes of deformity, the clumsy, ineffectual, and often cruel methods resorted to, in order to correct a bad shape, and the best means of obtaining a good one,—aye, and preserving it after marriage. The second grand division of the work (for there are many sub-divisions) treats of the 'beauty of the skin,' with the means of purifying it of all pimples, freckles, rashes, and ringworms, 'Bardolph eruptions,' wrinkles, &c. Then there is the best means of improving the beauty of the skin, directly by cosmetics, and indirectly by the choice of colours in dress, a point to which the ladies are by no means so attentive as they ought to be. The beauty of the eyes is next treated of in all its varieties, including the description of the eye, the phenomena of vision, and the preservation of the sight. Now, what lady knowing (and what lady, we would ask, does not know) that—

'Eyes,

Though they are mute, they plead,—nay more, command,

For beauteous eyes have arbitrary power, will not be thankful to the author of the Art of Beauty, for teaching how to preserve, in all their power and loveliness, organs possessed of such talismanic influence; or what man, that duly appreciates the importance of ladies' eyes, will not join in the tribute of praise and gratitude to the great preserver of beauty. If there are some soulless beings who think we attach too much importance to the subject, and think it *all my eye*, let them hear what the great master spirit, not of one, but of all ages—the immortal Shakspeare himself, says:—

'From women's EYES this doctrine I decide;
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.'

The next division of our author's treatise is the mouth; we allude not to the palate, or to its vulgar office of mastication; oh, no! we look to the lips, the teeth, the breath, and expect our author to realize the lover's prayer in every mistress:—

'Her lip must ruby velvet be,

And iv'ry all her teeth;

And sweeter than any nutmeg-tree

Must be her spicy breath.'

The beauty of the hair is the next topic; but we despair—utterly despair of pointing out the importance, grace, and elegance of a good head of hair to a lady, since all the eulogies and metaphors of the English language have long ago been exhausted on this subject by the proprietor of the Macassar oil, the Russian Prince, and other paying contributors to the daily newspapers. The author may seem now to have exhausted the whole

art of beauty; and, to confess the truth, he is pushed to extremities, for he now turns to the beauty of the arms, hands, and feet, commencing with the means of getting rid of superfluous hair on the arm, and ending with an 'infallible corn-plaster,' by which painful excrescences may be lopped from the feet. The author concludes with the theory of beauty, in which, after differing from every other person who has written on the subject, he leaves us very much in the dark as to his own opinions.

We have thus given a general outline of this 'Art of Beauty:' to enter into the details would far exceed our limits, to say nothing of the indelicacy of our forcing ourselves to a lady's toilette; and yet we must give a specimen of our author's quality. We pass over, without exception, all the preliminary steps to beauty to be observed in infancy and childhood, aware that our readers have got beyond both, and leaving such as are, or soon expect to be mothers, to consult the work itself, which costs only nine shillings: so that, if any person has half a dozen children, it will cost but eighteen pence each to train them in the whole art of beauty. Our extracts shall be devoted to the useful. We perfectly agree with the author, that there is an unjust clamour against vaccination, merely because in some rare cases it has not proved infallible:—

'We do not deny,—for the fact is established,—that small-pox have, in a number of cases, succeeded vaccination, in the same way as natural small-pox, in a number of cases, succeeded small-pox inoculation. But in all cases hitherto known, where the vaccination has been perfectly performed, the accidental occurrence of small-pox afterwards (and this is rare, indeed) has been mild and mitigated—the primary fever being always short, and soon over. The secondary fever (which is most dreaded in small-pox) never comes on at all, in the small-pox, after vaccination; and, what is of most importance to our inquiry, no scars are left. The whole disease, in a word, is so mild, and unlike the old small-pox, that it has long been a question whether it is so. This it is of little moment to determine, so long as the disease, whatever it may be called, is so little severe, and so very seldom fatal.

'Small-pox, we are quite certain, however, would not occur once in a thousand times, after vaccination, if it were properly performed and tested; and it is owing chiefly to imperfect vaccination, that so much alarm has been created. In order, therefore, to put our family readers in possession of the best information on the subject, we shall state the tests of perfect vaccination.

'The matter, taken on the ninth day, and perfectly transparent, being inserted under the skin, will produce, on the *third* day afterwards, a small red spot; on the *sixth* day it becomes discoloured in the centre; on the *tenth* day it is perfect, and should have a dimple in the centre, and not be raised like a common pimple. Another complete test of its perfection is, that, when pricked by a needle, the contents are not all let out, as in a common pimple, and for this good reason,

that the vaccine pustule is composed of many bags, or cells, that do not communicate with one another, while the common pimple has but one bag, or cell. This allows, also, matter to be taken without destroying the vaccine pustule. Another mark of the genuine vaccine pustule is, that its shape is circular or oval, and the margin never irregular and jagged, while the outer margin is deeper red than the space within it, and between it and the centre. It should disappear about the thirteenth day, and the scab fall off in a fortnight. If the pustule want these characters on the ninth or tenth day, and look like a common pimple or an inflamed sore, it will afford no protection from small-pox, however severely it may affect the patient with fever, &c.

'Dr. Bryce's test of perfect vaccination.—All parents should insist upon the family surgeon's using the test discovered by Dr. Bryce, of Edinburgh. It consists in vaccinating, on the *fifth* day, the other arm from the first vaccinated. If the first has been perfect, both pustules will ripen precisely at the same time; if this does not take place, the constitution has not been properly affected, and it must be repeated. This is simple and easy, and ought never to be neglected.'

From youth we will pass to the other extreme one of age, or at least, the symptoms of it,—wrinkles in the face, the cause of which is the obliteration or obstruction of the smaller blood vessels, which prevents the blood from getting to all parts of the skin as formerly, to supply it with nourishment. Here then is the

'Lotion for Wrinkles.—Take the second water of barley, and strain it through a piece of fine linen; add a few drops of the balm of Mecca; shake the bottle for a considerable time, till the balm is entirely incorporated with the water, when it will assume a somewhat turbid and whitish appearance.

'This is an excellent wash for beautifying the face, and preserving the freshness of youth. If used only once a day, it takes away wrinkles, and gives surprising brilliancy to the skin. Before it is applied, the face ought to be washed with rain-water.'

Pimples are almost as much at variance with beauty as wrinkles, though we do not pretend to enter into the cause, and least of all into the 'Bardolphe ruption,' which we contend it is utterly impossible any lady can know anything at all about; but for pimples our author says, that one of the safest applications is,—

'Dr. Baleman's Sulphur Wash.—Break one ounce of sulphur, and pour over it one quart of boiling water; allow it to infuse for twelve or fourteen hours, and apply it to the face twice or thrice a-day, for a few weeks. It is excellent for removing the roughness of the skin which usually succeeds pimples.

'A stronger application, when such is found necessary, may be prepared from vinegar and the acetated liquor of ammonia, or the spirit of Mindererus; or you may try—

'Sir William Knighton's Lotion.—Take half a drachm of liquor of potass, three ounces of spirit of wine; apply to the pimples with a camel's hair pencil. If this be too strong, add one half pure water to it.'

Sir William Knighton is physician to his

present Majesty, whose good taste no one will dispute, and, therefore, the authority of Sir William ought to have no ordinary weight. On the subject of the eyes the author gives some very curious and interesting optical experiments; but we pass these, to come at Lady E. Conyngham's Lip-honey, of which, *entre nous*, we doubt not but her ladyship was as ignorant as ourselves, until this author furnished the recipe:—

Lady E. Conyngham's Lip-honey.—Take two ounces of fine honey, one ounce of purified wax, half an ounce of silver litharge, the same quantity of myrrh; mix over a slow fire, and add milk of roses, eau de Cologne, or any other perfume you may prefer, and keep for use.

A less titled, but more easily made, and we doubt not equally useful recipe for chapped lips we subjoin, premising that,—

'To prevent chapping, the parts liable to it should not be unnecessarily exposed to heat, cold, or moisture; or ought to be well defended, by rubbing them with the

Balsam for Chapped Lips.—Take two teaspoonfuls of clarified honey, and a few drops of lavender-water, or any other agreeable perfume.

We now come to the methods of beautifying the hair, and, if by any chance, Rowland, Prince, Taylor, or those dealers in bear's grease or marrow, Money and M'Alpin, should suffer by the publication of prescriptions which supersede their's, we recommend them to commence their actions against the author and publisher of the Art of Beauty. Here then are ample,

Methods of beautifying the Hair.—Under this head, we shall comprehend a selection of receipts for improving the gloss, luxuriance, or colour of the hair, in order to put it in the power of our readers to become their own perfumers, which, in most cases, they will find to be a very considerable saving; the advertised and patent articles of this sort being usually very extravagant in price, and, except in one or two instances, far from answering the promises held out by those who are interested in puffing them. We shall begin our catalogue with a new hair-oil, which has lately been introduced, and is coming into great repute.

Palma Christi Oil for thickening the Hair.—Take an ounce of Palma Christi oil, a sufficient quantity of oil of bergamot or lavender to scent it; apply it morning and evening for three months, or as long as it may be necessary, to the parts where you want the hair to grow thick and luxuriant.

The Palma Christi oil is much used, and with great success, for thickening the hair, in the West Indies; and, since it has been tried in this country, we have heard it has been equally successful. It has this recommendation besides, that it is in the hands of neither monopolist or patentee, but is open to all the world.

Macassar Oil.—We are assured, that this is advertised at the rate of some hundreds, if not thousands, annually. The public, of course, pay smartly for this as well as for the cheap materials of which it is composed. The

following we believe to be the genuine receipt for its preparation.

'Take three quarts of common oil, half a pint of spirits of wine, three ounces of cinnamon-powder, two ounces of bergamot; put it in a large pipkin, and give it a good heat. When it is off the fire, add three or four pieces of alkanet-root, and keep it closely covered for several hours. Filter it through a funnel lined with blotting-paper. The commonest oil is used; and, when rancid, it is remedied by putting in two or three slices of an onion. Not an ounce of Macassar oil is imported from Macassar, or it would be entered at the customs, which it is not.

'Prince's Russia oil, and others of the same kind, are prepared in a similar manner, and of materials equally cheap.

Excellent Hair-oil.—Boil half a pound of green southern-wood, in a pint and half of sweet oil, and half a pint of port wine. When sufficiently boiled, remove it from the fire, and strain the liquor through a linen bag. Repeat this operation three times, with fresh southern-wood; and the last time add to the strained materials two ounces of bear's grease. It is excellent for promoting the growth of the hair and preventing baldness.

We will not trespass more on the Art of Beauty, and, although we do not pledge ourselves for the merit of a single recipe, yet there is so much good sense in other parts of the work, that it would be hard not to give the author some credit for his choice of prescriptions. How he obtained all this multifarious knowledge it is not for us to inquire, nor is it of much importance, provided he is right. Our readers will, we doubt not, deem him an oracle, and, indeed, if he is not an oracle himself, he has one at command, and that the Oracle of Health, which he often invokes and calls to his aid. The book, however, is useful, and will form a good companion to a lady's toilet.

Six Lectures on Popery; delivered in King Street Chapel, Maidstone. By WILLIAM GROSER. 12mo. pp. 274. London, 1825. Holdsworth.

HOWEVER much Protestants or Papists may disguise their opinions, we believe they may with truth apply to each other the phrase in which the whole eloquence of the Roman senator consisted, and say, *Delenda est Carthago*. We by no means intend to say that they aim at each other's destruction, although the extermination of heretics is a part of the Roman Catholic creed, and has more than once been an object of Popish occupation or amusement; nor have the Protestants been unstained with the sin of persecution. Each party seems to think the other incompatible with its own existence; and, while the Catholic pronounces an anathema against all who die out of the pale of his church, the Protestant believes it literally as difficult for a Catholic, as the Scripture figuratively says it is for a rich man, to enter into the kingdom of heaven. It is not, however, our intention to enter on the decision of those points of religious dispute which have occupied clergy and laity, Protestant and Catholic, ever since the reformation, and which are as far from being

settled as they were nearly three centuries ago. We shall leave the established church, and its alliance with the state, to defend itself; and, from the number and spirit of the advocates of the Roman Catholics in Great Britain, if they are even kept at bay much longer, there is little probability of Protestantism gaining any advantages over them likely to alter much the state of parties. To us the religious tenets of Popery are not half so obnoxious as its political character, which is intolerant and tyrannical, wherever it has the ascendancy, and which seeks to perpetuate its power, by shutting out that light of knowledge which not only illuminates, but invigorates, the human character. The Roman Catholic religion seems to be formed on this very maxim, that 'ignorance is bliss,' and that it is not merely foolish, but criminal, 'to be wise.'—The great aversion to education, the fetters by which it is trammelled in almost every country, the suppression of the Bible, unless accompanied by the perverted interpretation of the Roman Catholic church, the attempt to oppose on the credulity of the vulgar by miracles, the persecutions which still prevail in countries purely Catholic, the attempted revival of the blood-stained order of the Jesuits, the disposition to re-erect the tribunal of the inquisition, are all so many proofs of the unchanged and unchanging character of Popery,—so many evidences, that it is as inimical to the diffusion of knowledge and science as it is to public liberty. These are our objections to Popery; for, with regard to its creed and its ceremonies, in the former, our own liturgy partakes largely, and the latter is surpassed in extravagance and absurdity by many of the sectarians who call themselves Protestants.

Mr. Groser is a dissenter, whose six lectures so pleased his own congregation, that they advised him to print them for the benefit of others. His object is avowedly 'not to convert Papists to the Protestant faith, or the protection of Protestants from the immediate effects of Popish rhetoric,' but 'to instruct persons whose acquaintance with the tenets of the church of Rome was but slender, and who were in little (some, we presume) danger of embracing its errors.'

These six lectures are on the principles, worship, and authorized customs of Popery; its tyranny, rise, and tendency; and on the means which should be adopted to subvert it.

The arrangement is perhaps not the best or the most obvious; the lectures are, however, written with good feeling, and with more temper and Christian charity than usually enters into such discussions. We shall only make one extract: it considers Popery as hostile to the diffusion of knowledge. Mr. Groser says:—

'The influence of Popery is hostile to the spread of literary and scientific knowledge as well as to religious. The spirit of inquiry is repressed; a dread of the prevalence of an investigating temper prevails; and an approximation to heresy is sometimes thought to lurk in philosophic speculations. The *Index Expurgatorius* is not exclusively occupied with references to theological books;

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works of science, history, politics, and amusement, fall beneath the cognisance of its authors. Books on any of these subjects, even though written by "the faithful," are sometimes treated like the poor sufferer on the bed of Procrustes; what is too short is stretched, and what is too long is lopped away.

Such was the prevailing ignorance at the dawn of the reformation, that accounts transmitted to us by the writers of the times seem scarcely credible. Many of the priests, it is said, were unable to read their own Breviary, though it comprised nearly the whole cyclopaedia of their knowledge. The faculty of theology at Paris declared before the assembled Parliament, that religion was undone, if the study of Greek and Hebrew were permitted. But a still finer specimen of controversial accuracy and literary skill is afforded us in the account of a monk, who gravely assured his auditory, that the reformers had invented a new language, called Greek, against which it was necessary for them to be on their guard, it being the mother of all heresy;—that a book was written in that language called the New Testament, a book full of daggers and poison; and that, as to Hebrew, it was certain that all who learnt it immediately became Jews.

These, perhaps, you will say are tales of former centuries, and insufficient proofs of the state of knowledge among Roman Catholics now. It is granted that a spirit of inquiry, which the reformation greatly contributed to produce, has penetrated some dark recesses of superstition, and is producing a favourable change. But, alas! the extent of knowledge, particularly of religious knowledge, in countries in which the papal system is in full operation, is very small. The excellent Catholic, whose name I have mentioned, says, in a letter, written in the year 1816, "I have laid, with frankness, before the King of Prussia, the following view, by no means exaggerated, of the great want of Bibles among the Catholics in his states:—

"1. There are many, very many, Catholic priests, who, very probably, have not a whole Bible in their possession, either in Latin or German, and do not even possess a German New Testament.

"2. Among schoolmasters, hardly one in five hundred has a German Bible, and hardly one in two hundred possesses a New Testament.

"3. Among laymen, scarcely one in one thousand is in possession of the New Testament, much less of a whole Bible."

What a representation does this give of the blindness of these leaders of the blind! But the efforts made to hinder him and his few simple-hearted colleagues from remedying the evil show that it does not belong to the genius of the system to deplore or attempt to remove it. The endeavours made to extinguish the lamp demonstrate a love of darkness. Referring to the work of a fellow-labourer, he says, "The New Testament, by Gossner, is now forbidden here. Jesuits, Franciscans, and all the clergy, high and low, learned and unlearned, have set their faces against it, and are resolutely determined to extinguish it. The Papal bull is equally

severe." His own Testament also being prohibited through the inveterate hostility of the Jesuits and their agents, he still determined to go forward with a firm step, to obey God rather than man, and to spread in every direction the everlasting truths of the gospel. But he thus adverts to the opposition of his ecclesiastical superiors. "Behold, my respected brother in the Lord, an explicit avowal of that conviction, which I do not wish to force upon any one, but which I plead before the Father of lights, with all the power of prayer, that he may enlighten the rulers of our church to see, that to withhold the Bible from the people is not the way to give to the Catholic church dignity, stability, or power. I fear lest it should happen in the church, as it has happened elsewhere, that the collective feeling of an offended and injured people should one day prove too strong for bulls and excommunications."

Nor does literature flourish more than religion, in an atmosphere unfavourable to freedom of inquiry. Exceptions may be found, but generally it appears that knowledge is far more extensively diffused in Protestant states than in countries entirely Catholic. A clergyman of the church of England, equally eminent for his piety and talents, who has recently returned from a tour on several parts of the Continent, and has given the world an account of some of his remarks, notices particularly this circumstance. He speaks of the Valais, a canton of Switzerland, adjoining to Italy, the population of which is exclusively Popish; where a hundred thousand persons reside, but among whom there is not one bookseller! A single printer was found living at Sion, the capital of the canton, but he was allowed to work only under the direction of the Jesuits, who have the superintendence of education there, and printed nothing but books of devotion. At Chambery, in France, a city which contains nearly ten thousand souls, he found a cathedral, and three other churches, two convents, and about one hundred priests; but only one bookseller, and his stock consisted but of one book, a code of French laws. "The town of Domo d'Ossola," he writes, "has about three thousand inhabitants. There is no bookseller in the place—I mark this fact where it occurs, as drawing after it a thousand consequences. As we entered Italy by Isella, our baggage was searched; and the officer told us plainly, the objects he looked after were books of religion and politics—morals are left to themselves. Happily, our passports were signed by the Austrian ambassador, or we should have had to retrace our steps. On driving into the town, I was surprised to see priests, in their peculiar dress, but somewhat shabbily attired, standing about idly, or sitting in the market-place, at the doors of caberets, in company with the common people. Their jovial careless sort of look struck me as characteristic of the manners of too many of that order of persons in Italy. The chief church here is of modern Greek architecture; there are three altars together, and about fifteen priests. A convent of capuchins, suppressed by Napoleon, has just been restored. When we asked the

innkeeper what curiosities there were in the town, he said, there was only a calvary, a superstitious chapel, or temple, on some mountain, with a representation of our Saviour's passion. We are now in Italy; but oh! how fallen is it! Oh! how melancholy to think of the lost glory of the queen of nations! Ignorance, poverty, dirt, indolence, misery, vice, superstition, are but too visible on all sides. Half the time, in fact, which God assigned to man for labour is consumed in superstitious festivals of saints; while the one day of sacred rest is desecrated to folly and sin."

These indeed are melancholy facts; but we need not be surprised at their existence. They are but natural consequences of that domination which the Romish clergy assume. Their ascendancy can be maintained more easily over the profoundly ignorant, than over men whose superior intelligence would lead to an examination of ecclesiastical claims. It is to their interest, therefore, that knowledge should be repressed, as it was to the interest of the ancient Philistines that no smith should be found throughout all the land of Israel, lest the Hebrews should make themselves swords and spears.

This will be sufficient as a specimen of the author's style and line of argument, and with this we leave him, like a knight errant at tourney, 'to all comers.'

Six Views of Blenheim, Oxfordshire, the Seat of His Grace the Duke of Marlborough. By J. P. NEALE. With an Historical Description of that magnificent Edifice, a complete List of Pictures, according to the present Arrangement, including those lately removed from Marlborough House. London. 4to. and royal 8vo. Sherwood and Co.

WE know not why we have so long delayed to notice Mr. Neale's beautiful illustrations of that monument of national gratitude to one of Britain's greatest heroes—the magnificent seat at Blenheim. Of this mansion, the glory of Sir John Vanbrugh, and, perhaps, the only building in which his genius had full scope for its vast powers, Mr. Neale has given us six views, calculated to exhibit the house and grounds in the most varied and favourable point of view. The first is the north-west view, and exhibits the greatest length of front, which is judiciously broken by the frequent introduction of pyramidal attics. The majestic portico of the Corinthian order in the centre gives an air of great dignity to the whole building, being of due proportions and appropriate embellishment. The wings are of regular architecture, and correspond with each other.

The garden front, which forms the second view, displays similar architectural grandeur, and extends three hundred and forty-eight feet; this, indeed, forms the size of the court, which is three hundred and forty-eight feet square. The other views are,—the east front; a view in the grounds, showing the bridge, column, and Rosamond's Well; a view of Blenheim, taken from Rosamond's Well; and the east entrance: all these are well engraved from very exquisite drawings by Mr.

Neale. The literary department of the work is biographical, historical, and descriptive. It contains an account of the building, its decorations, a list of the pictures, &c. an account of the column of victory, with a copy of the inscription, supposed to have been written by Lord Bolingbroke, and a biographical memoir of the illustrious Marlborough. As a work of this sort is rather to be regarded for its graphic than its typographic merits, we shall not be able to do it justice by any extracts from the letter-press, though we think the following account of the China Gallery will not be deemed uninteresting:—

It is situated near the home lodge, and is separated from the park by iron palisades. It was erected and adapted for the reception of the antique and curious specimens of porcelain, now deposited here, about the year 1796: the collection was principally formed by Mr. Spalding, who presented it to the Duke of Marlborough, with a desire that it should ever be annexed as an heir-loom to the family. The gallery is built in the form of a cross, and contains five apartments; the centre one circular, lighted by a dome; the walls are divided by pilasters, and covered with choice pieces of rare China: a pyramidal case in the centre is also adapted to contain many specimens of singular value; the other rooms are octagonal, lighted from the ceiling, with the porcelain displayed between the pilasters that support them: here are examples of the presumed earliest state of the art; amongst other varieties are many of the choicest pieces of the old blue and white, and pale japan, brown edge, much esteemed by the curious: together with the antique *bleu celeste* and deep purple. Among many other articles deserving attention are a pair of small bottles, once the property of Queen Anne; a large japan tea-pot, a present from Louis XIV. to the Duke of Richelieu; two smaller ones, from the collection of the Duke of Orleans, father to Egalité; some pieces from the late Princess Amelia's cabinet; many from the Portland Museum, and from the collection of the Duke d'Aumont, at Paris; a singular piece from the Duke of Argyll's curiosities, in the time of George II.; several articles from the celebrated Duchess of Kingston's, from Selima, Countess of Huntingdon's, from M. Calonne's and M. Beaumarchais' collections; five ornaments presented by a Nabob to a governor of Bengal, in the time of King William III. possess uncommon beauty; a large white tea-pot, once in the possession of Oliver Cromwell, will be deemed a curiosity. Two pieces of Jasper China, resembling shells, remarkably beautiful and rare; several of that scarce description called honeycomb, and many specimens considered unique in their kind. An adjoining room, near the entrance of the gallery, is filled with scarce specimens of Roman pottery and old earthenware; but one of the most singular curiosities is a small piece representing a fish brought from Athens, and supposed to be coeval with that republic. In this room, likewise, is a select collection of the finest old black and gold wooden Japan, and a numerous assortment of copper enamels of

he black and white kind, very ancient; the subjects represented are both sacred and profane. The whole presents an additional attraction to visitors, but most particularly to the amateurs of this beautiful and pleasing manufacture.

In the description of the park we are told—

'The park may be said to consist of one continued *ferme ornée*, being stocked with cattle as well as deer, and waving not only with grass but corn. The belt by which it is environed was entirely planted by the late Duke of Marlborough. The most extensive prospect is obtained from the High Lodge, once the residence of the witty but profligate Earl of Rochester, who was ranger of Woodstock Park. It was here that he died. The eminence upon which it is seated gradually slopes to the water.

'Rosamond's Well is situated in the side of the hill, a few paces from the edge of the lake. It is all that now remains to remind us of the celebrated beauty and mistress of Henry II. who here was concealed in a bower, by means of a curiously-contrived labyrinth.

'The lake covers a space of two hundred and fifty acres, and has its banks most delightfully varied, so as to present an extended aquatic scene, not to be equalled in the kingdom. Our view was taken on the 13th of August, the anniversary of the battle of Blenheim, which day is always devoted to festivity; the grounds and house are thrown open to the neighbouring gentry, while the lake is occupied by numerous pleasure vessels traversing its surface in every direction. The bridge, over the lake, has been mentioned as a part of the grand approach from the Ditchley gate. It consists of one vast semicircular arch in the centre, one hundred and one feet in diameter, springing from massive piers, besides two small arches; the abutments are curved and rusticated, and the line of parapet horizontal; the effect of this noble design is peculiarly appropriate and grand.

'The beautiful piece of water which it crosses is principally formed by the river Glyme which, entering the park near Woodstock, immediately spreads itself in a broad expanse: a creek shaded by trees is called Queen Pool. It then flows round Queen Elizabeth's island, and under the grand bridge, beyond which is its greatest extent of surface: in the distance it seems embayed, at which point it passes under a light iron bridge, and then forms the grand cascade, with a fall of eighteen feet; from hence the lake narrows itself, and winds in a serpentine form, to unite itself with the river Evenlode by a steep cascade; immediately beyond the junction is a small woody island.'

We ought to observe that, although this volume is published in a separate form, it is a part of Mr. Neale's elegant and valuable work, the *Noblemen and Gentlemen's Country Seats*, of which a second series is now in course of publication.

Pierce Egan's Anecdotes (Original and Selected) of the Turf, the Chase, the Ring, and the Stage. Embellished with coloured

plates. Parts I. and II. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

SUCH is the title of what to us seems one of the most meagre and vulgar compilations ever issued to the public. This observation will, perhaps, be attributed to our want of taste; and, therefore, to the admirers of Pierce Egan, the frequenters of the prize-ring, and the initiated in the slang of the police-office, we recommend these anecdotes, many of which will disgust every true sportsman, and shock every man possessed of common decency.

ORIGINAL.

A VISIT TO SHAKERSTOWN, IN KENTUCKY, AND A CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE SHAKERS.—BY AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

[In former numbers of *The Literary Chronicle* we have given some interesting accounts of that peculiar sect in the United States, called the Shakers, and we now insert some further curious information on the subject, from letters on the condition of Kentucky, in an *United States' journal*.—ED.]

THE attentions I received at Harrodsburg were flattering, and I left it with regret, on the day after my arrival, for Shakerstown, a distance of five miles. The country immediately in the neighbourhood of the latter place is more broken than between it and Harrodsburg. Emerging from a vallery, and rising a gradual ascent, Shakerstown displays itself to view on the contiguous height. This village is situated on the main road, leading to Lexington from Harrodsburg; from one extremity to the other, it is, perhaps, three hundred yards long. On the one side of the road is a large church, a handsome garden tastily laid off, and a few brick workshops. On the opposite side, at the eastern extremity of the town, is a frame building, in which a tavern is kept; in regular succession from this, and about fifteen yards apart, there are three large brick and stone houses for the dwelling of the Shakers, and in the same row is another large building, larger than those I have mentioned, yet unfinished, which is also intended for a family house: in the rear of these buildings are their offices, other workshops, and machine-houses.

These family houses are seventy-five feet long, about forty wide, are all built on the same plan, and within the same inclosure. The yard and the intervening spaces between the houses are set with grass; and have, passing through it, a wide walk, neatly laid with flag stones. The church is situated, as before mentioned, on the opposite side of the road, and about the centre of the town: the garden adjoins it; below this and on the same side, are the barns and stables.

The church is a frame building, underpinned, with superior neatness, with stone; is about sixty feet long, and proportionately wide, plastered and whitewashed, with chairboards, &c. painted blue, in the neatest conceivable style. The floor looked as though it was waxed. The church is warmed by two small stoves, placed at each end of the room. Moveable benches for the worshippers are arranged around the back part of the room, and in front are similar seats, for the accom-

modation of strangers; in the upper part of the building, over the worshipping-room, at either end, is an apartment, each for the accommodation of the elder and eldress. These apartments communicated with the interior of the church by a small window, which is about a foot square, and near the ceiling of the worshipping-room. In front of the church is an area, paved with flag stones, and inclosed with palings, which, as well as the exterior of the church, is painted white. In the neighbourhood of the town, at various distances and in different directions, are seen other houses, also belonging to the Shakers. These were occupied by them till within a few years, since which they built their town; these are called 'the Blue Houses.' The Shakers own three thousand acres of land, lying in a body, including their town and outhouses; they have a large three-story mill on the same tract.

I arrived at their town on Sunday, about eleven o'clock: when I got in view of the church, I heard a doleful noise. As I approached nearer, the sound broke with increased strength on my ears. The air was filled with piercing shrieks, shouts and confused acclamations, resembling the wild and maddened tenants of Bedlam. I was told that the Shakers were at worship. Such were the direful feelings which these sounds produced, that I paused for a moment to consider whether I should go into the church. The question was soon decided. I tied my horse and hastened in; at this moment all was calm, but presently their worship was renewed; there were about a hundred and thirty worshippers, including both sexes, black and white. The females were drawn up in the west end of the church, in ranges of eight abreast and seven or eight deep. The men were drawn up in like manner in the opposite end; the two columns fronting each other, with a space of several feet between the head of each column.

The dress of either sex is uniform, resembling that of the old Quakers; from girls of ten years old, to wrinkled old age, all dressed alike, with long waisted gowns of dark colour, long checked aprons extending to the neck, a white long-eared cap, with a white handkerchief thrown over the shoulders, crossed and pinned before, and a checked cotton handkerchief loosely hung over the arm; every article of their dress was in perfect order, and every individual of the column presented a clean, neat, precise-dressed figure. The dress of the men consisted of light-coloured domestic cloth, with coats and waistcoats of the long-waisted fashion, with outer pockets in the former, half-way down the leg, and those in the waistcoats resting on the hips. Their shirts were of coarse cotton, and they were without neckcloths: on this occasion, the coats were laid aside. The blacks of each sex were arranged indiscriminately in the same ranks, and attired in the same manner with the whites. The countenances of the female ranks were pale, their visages thin, and indicating great solemnity of feeling; those of the men equal solemnity and devotion of thought, and more vigorous health. Two singers, from each sex, now

took their stands at the head of their correspondent columns. A signal being given, the singers commenced, and the columns got into motion. They gently advanced and receded for some minutes, when, on a sudden, they reversed fronts, quickened their motions, and danced in a familiar manner; suddenly, they wheeled to their former positions, increasing in the violence of their actions, as they were warmed by the spirit and animated by the singing. By one impulse they now broke the order in which they stood, and each column whirled within its own limits, in vertical commotion, throwing their heads, hands, and legs, in wild disorder, occasionally leaping up and uttering a horrid yell. During this time, each individual had chimed in with the singers, who had themselves fallen into their columns, and were all singing with stunning violence; presently the two small windows near the ceiling were seen partially and gently to open, and the face of a male and female were imperfectly presented at the opposite windows. At this instant, the motions, which were before violent, became furious, and the noise, before stunning, was appalling. Shrieks and yells followed in alternate succession, till by their violence and the incessant fury of their dancing, the worshippers were exhausted. Some sunk on the floor, whilst others were scarcely able to get to their seats. The worship closed, and I left the house with feelings of horror, which you can better imagine than I can describe. The singing was 'Vox nil praterea,' sound without word, rhyme, or sense.

The elder and eldress are individuals of this society who are supposed to have attained to the highest degree of purity of life and strength of faith. On this account, their persons are esteemed sacred, and they receive the confession of sins, though they are not supposed to possess the power of forgiving them; they are also supposed to possess the power of performing miracles, two instances of which, in effecting instantaneous cures of severe wounds, are said to have been lately exhibited in their town. These elders occupy the upper apartments of the church, and when it pleaseth them to look down from their sacred abodes on the worshippers below, it is deemed a special act of condescension and grace.—I remained in the neighbourhood that night, and, upon the invitation of one of their members, returned the next day, to visit their houses and to learn something of their domestic economy and police. I stopped at the tavern, and from thence was conducted by an intelligent guide, one of their members, through the various apartments of their houses, from the cellar to the garret, and into their kitchens.

You are to bear in mind, that the principle of the religion of these people is a total non-intercourse between the sexes; consequently, husband and wife are disunited as soon as they enter into this society. All their domestic arrangements are therefore made with a rigid regard to this object. Each family house is divided into small rooms, large enough for two beds, and each has a wardrobe attached to it. There is one kitchen and

dining-room, common to the house; the latter has two doors on one side, leading from the common passage. The house is divided in every story by a wide pass way; the one side of the house through each story is occupied by the females, the opposite by the males; there are also two pair of stairs leading to the apartments on opposite sides of the house: these houses are neatly finished. The tenants of each live as one family. The women cook, wash, make, and mend. The men attend to all the farming, mechanical, and out of doors' labour for the family. Unless on some domestic necessity, the male and females are never seen in the opposite sides of the house. In going to morning and evening worship, which is held in the dining-room, and when going to and returning from their meals, they enter the room at their own doors, eat at their own tables, and return on their own sides of the house: before eating, they kneel down to grace, each one saying it for himself. Everything about them, within and without their houses, about their farms, stable, and barn, indicate uncommon neatness, ingenuity, and industry; and the countenances of the males and females, when not at worship, exhibit meek, contented, cheerful, and happy minds, though now and then I meet with a dark, sullen, and morose face. Whilst engaged in their labours together, they were active, considerate, cheerful, and social; each evincing a personal interest, whilst they were labouring for the common good. Their labours and all their mechanism are performed by their own members. They are a trafficking, humane, honest, and thrifty people: each department has an officer by which it is regulated, who is chosen by vote at convenient seasons, and most frequently against his inclination. They also have officers for foreign as well as the home departments; the duty of the former is to attend to distant purchases and sales, and to collect debts. They do not meddle with politics, although often urged to attend the elections by candidates for offices, and although their number of votes would be often sufficient to decide important elections. They have preachers who occasionally visit other similar establishments in their own state and in Ohio. Between these establishments there is a constant and friendly intercourse; these preachers also make frequent missionary tours into the distant part of the country, and out of their own state. In this society are seen persons of all ages, from the tenderness of infancy to the decrepitude of old age; they receive all persons, whether rich or poor, and children of any age, that may be given them by their parents, rear them in comfort and with care, and give them plain rudimental educations. As all are permitted to join them, so no one is restrained from leaving them, though having once entered into the 'covenant,' they cannot reclaim their property. Sudden conversions to their religion, though not often, sometimes happen. I will give you two of several instances that have happened. A gentleman of North Carolina, of distinguished family and wealth, being in bad health, travelled through Kentucky, and was led by curiosity to visit these people, in a few

days became a convert, joined them, and surrendered to them all his estate. His connections soon heard of it; with great concern and haste they despatched another of the family, to dissuade his brother from his purposes, and to bring him home. The messenger had scarcely arrived before he became also a convert, joined them, and surrendered his property. It became necessary that these brothers should return to their own state, to make a disposition of their lands. They went, intending to bring the proceeds with them for the benefit of the society; they, however, never returned, being prevented by the influence of their friends. A compromise was made with the society, and a division of the property took place. Although there are but few instances of abandonment, the society increases but slowly. This has been established twenty years, and there are not five hundred members belonging to it. I was introduced amongst the women; they were social, civil, and communicative.

It was my intention to leave town on this day; but I was so earnestly invited to remain, that I staid till the next morning: by doing so, I had an opportunity of witnessing the evening devotion, and of conversing with the preacher and others of the fraternity. The evening worship presented more order and decorum than that of the preceding day. The worshippers were drawn up in the manner before described, and the columns went through similar evolutions, except the whirling: their steps were more orderly, and in some instances were graceful; those who did not join in the dance kept time by throwing their hands, palms upwards, up and down, with a motion from the wrist. They never have prayers, and preaching but seldom. Amongst the worshippers on Sunday, were a Swiss and a Norwegian, neither of whom understood or could speak a word of the English language. Under other circumstances I should have been amused to see these two fellows, with long prone faces, and arms pinioned with awkwardness to their sides, shuffling away in the corner by themselves, with measured time and easy step, whilst the others were leaping, dancing, shouting, and singing with the wild extravagance of untamed savages.

It would require more time and space than I have, to give you the outlines of the religion of the Shaking Quakers. I must, therefore, refer you to other sources of information. Every effort of their system is to war against the lusts of the flesh; they believe that the mode by which the world is to be brought to an end, by its Creator, is by preventing the increase of the human species. The novitiates are placed in a state of probation at the 'Blue House,' and, before admitted into full membership, are required to sign a conveyance of their property to the society, for the common benefit; this is called entering into the 'first covenant;' they are then permitted to live in town. They are an orderly, peaceable, and, in general, uninformed, and, I believe, virtuous community; there are no written rules for the government of the society, nor any law to punish the disorderly, and I was assured that no instance

of disorder has occurred since the foundation of their institution.

I left Shakerstown the next morning; they refused to receive pay for my accommodations at their tavern, and urged me to visit them again.

NEW LONDON BRIDGE.

On Wednesday, the first stone of the new London Bridge was laid, with unusual ceremony, by the Right Hon. John Garratt, Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Duke of York, Earl Darnley, the Right Hon. C. W. Wynn, M. P., and several distinguished persons. The cofferdam was ornamented with much taste and beauty, and was divided into four tiers of galleries, along which were rows of benches, covered with scarlet cloth. The floor of the cofferdam, which is 95 feet in length, 36 in breadth, and 45 feet below the high-water mark, was formed of beech planks, four inches thick, and resting upon piles 24 feet long, shod at the top with iron: these are crossed by immense beams of solid timber.

The persons admitted to participate in this imposing ceremony formed in procession at the Mansion House, and proceeded to the old London Bridge, where a part of the balustrade was removed for a passage to the platform. When all was ready, a golden trowel was handed to the Lord Mayor; the cavity in the floor, in which the coins of the present reign were to be deposited, was opened, and they were inserted, and the plate, bearing the following inscription, written by Dr. Coplestone, Master of Oriel College, was put down over the cavity in the floor:—

Pontes vetvsti
Qvum propter crebras nimis interiectas moles
Impedito cursu fluminis
Naviculae et rates
Non levi saepe iactura et vitae periculo
Per angustas fauces
Præcipiti aquarum impetu ferri solerent
CIVITAS LONDINENSIS
His incommodis remedium adhibere volens
Et celeberrimi simul in terris emporii
Utilitatibus consvlens
Regni insuper senatus auctoritate
Ac munificentia adivta
Pontem
Sitv prorsus novo
Amplioribus spatiis constrvendvm decrevit
Ca scilicet forma ac magnitudine
Qvae regiae vrbis maiestati
Tandem responderet
Neque alio magis tempore
Tantum opvs inchoandvm duxit
Qvam cum pacato ferme toto terrarum orbe
IMPERIVM BRITANNICUM
Fama opibus multitudine civium et concordia
pollens
PRINCIPE
Item gavderet
Artivm favore ac patrono
Cvius sub auspiciis
Novvs indies aedificiorvm splendor vrbis acce-
deret.
Primum operis lapidem
posvt
IOANNES GARRATT ARMIGER
Praetor
xv. die Ivnii
Anno Regis Georgii Quarti Sexto

A. S. M.D.CCC.XXV.
Ioanne Rennie S.R.S. Architecto

(TRANSLATION.)

The Free Course of the River
Being obstructed by the numerous Piers
Of the Ancient Bridge,
And the passage of Boats and Vessels
Through its narrow channels
Being often attended with danger and loss of life
By reason of the force and rapidity of the
current,

THE CITY OF LONDON,
Desirous of providing a remedy for this evil,
And at the same time consulting
The convenience of Commerce
In this vast Emporium of all Nations,
Under the sanction and with the liberal aid of
Parliament,
Resolved to Erect a Bridge
Upon a foundation altogether new
With Arches of wider span,
And of a character corresponding
To the Dignity and Importance
Of this Royal City:

Nor does any other time seem to be more suitable
For such an undertaking

Than when in a Period of Universal Peace
THE BRITISH EMPIRE,
Flourishing in Glory, Wealth, Population, and
Domestic Union,

Is Governed by a Prince,
The Patron and Encourager of the Arts,
Under whose Auspices
The Metropolis has been daily advancing in
Elegance and Splendour.

The First Stone of this Work
Was Laid
BY JOHN GARRATT, ESQUIRE,
Lord Mayor,
On the 15th Day of June,
In the Sixth Year of King George the Fourth,
And in the Year of Our Lord
1825.

John Rennie, F.R.S. Architect.
When this inscription had been read by the town clerk, the stone, which is of Hyter Quarry granite, and weighs about five tons, was lowered. The Lord Mayor made a suitable address on the occasion, and adjusted the stone on its firm base amidst a discharge of cannon, and shouts of God save the King. Thus has commenced, under favourable auspices, a structure which, we trust, will be happily completed, and long remain a monument of the wealth, prosperity, and public spirit of the British empire, of its metropolis, in particular. The following are to be the dimensions of the new bridge, which will be constructed by Mr. Rennie, from a design by his late father, the architect of Waterloo Bridge, and other works which will hand his name down to posterity:—

Centre Arch—Span, 150 feet; rise, 32 feet; piers, 24 feet.

Arches next the centre arch—Span, 140 feet; rise, 30 feet; piers, 22 feet.

Abutment Arches—Span, 130 feet; rise, 25 feet; abutment, 74 feet

Total width, from water-side to water-side, 690 feet.

Length of the bridge, including the abutments, 950 feet; without the abutments, 782 feet.

Width of the bridge, from outside to outside of the parapets, 550 feet; carriage-way, 334 feet.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

RHYMER'S RAMBLE IN SOMERSET HOUSE.
 To-day I went to view the exhibition,
 And, for my pains, have got a well-soak'd
 jacket—
 For I, this morn, resolved to get admission,
 Although the money spent I chance may
 lack it;
 But it contrived to chase my inattention,—
 Its pictures, models, fashionable racket,
 Fat dames, fair girls, old prozers, and what not,
 Engross'd my eyes, whilst I was on the spot!
 Alas! I was about to say my mind,
 But that they did not, saving two or three,—
 Creations grand, that in my soul are shrined;
 And those I will discourse of presently.
 'Tis pity that no more I there could find,
 But so it was—perchance I cannot see.
 I know 'tis said I somewhat am short-sighted,
 But that's no cause my judgment should be
 slighted!
 I got there—paid my shilling—entered in
 The room miscalled the 'Academy Antique,'
 When my poor ears sustained a shock, from din
 Of many tongues, which some might call
 unique:
 I do not mean to say it is a sin,
 But babbling is a universal freak—
 And my opinion is, the well-dressed rabble
 Go not to see the pictures, but to babble!
 In this 'Academy Antique' I saw
 A huge collection of unmeaning faces,—
 Nothing to strike the looker-on with awe,
 But rather to excite in him grimaces!
 Portraits of dowagers, and captains raw,—
 Plump spinsters all bedizened o'er with laces,
 And some most mighty and well-reverenced
 names,—
 I mean those phizzes in the richest frames!
 But stop, I have forgot, 'O'Conner's Child,'
 A sweet design, from Thomas Campbell's
 verses,—
 With air devout, and features pensive—mild.
 The painting here the poet's thought re-
 hearses:
 Whilst gazing on't, I felt my heart beguiled;
 These female painters are with me as Circes.
 But, Jove be thanked, whole is my heart and
 bones!
 But do not paint so charmingly, Miss Jones!
 There were some pretty flowers, and fruit, and
 game,
 Enamel—Irish hunting, and Miss Chester;
 Ah, me! that face is for some other dame;
 Some buxom waiting-maid, that's dead, God
 rest her!
 When painters cannot catch from beauty fame,
 They well deserve in solitude to fester—
 Especially when old obliging Nature
 A model gave of perfect form and feature!
 With buoyant step I bounded up each stair,
 And gained the great room—my poor filmy
 eye
 Seemed fresh to be illumed (with a stare,
 Some fashionable might deem rude), to spy
 The face of one, endowed with gifts more rare,
 Whose name will live to all eternity—
 I will not call her Landon—L. E. L.*
 That is the name on which I love to dwell.

[* The public, we are sure, will do us the
 justice to acknowledge that we have never
 been slow to pay our tribute to talent, wherever
 it might employed. We have spoken very
 favourably of the poetical talents of L. E. L.,
 who, however, we consider to be over-praised

I've met her somewhere—that I swear I have—
 The features were imprinted on my mind,
 No, never to depart! though wind and wave
 Of sad misfortune make my vision blind,
 My heart to rend—my tortured soul to rave—
 Yet, in its blackest dreams will be assigned
 For these a sunny spot, when all is dark;
 For these the latest gleam of memory's spark!
 Immortal waker of the radiant lyre!
 I thank thee for the bliss I oft have felt,
 Whilst listening thine enrapturing notes of fire,
 That fell upon my heart and ear, and dealt
 To me a maddening joy! O! nothing higher
 In life could then be mine! I could have
 knelt
 Before thy 'semblance, nor have thought it
 wrong,
 Thou soul-crowned maid! thou voice and harp
 of song!
 I do believe I gazed full half an hour
 Upon my favourite, and, at last, my dream
 Was broken by two girls, to whom the dower
 Of mind was never given: with a scream,
 The tallest said, 'That's Landon! (looking
 sour)
 'I'm sure she is not handsome?' not a gleam
 Of admiration either's eye expressed;
 The other merely said, 'She's not well dressed!'
 Oh, psha! I could—but no, I must proceed
 To tell what else I saw, or my critique
 Will be imperfect; and I fear, indeed,
 That my good reader other means must seek
 To gain full knowledge: but I'll give the meed
 Of my poor praise, although the praise be
 weak,
 To those who please me—'tis a debt that's due;
 Reader, I fear, I claim no debt from you!

and over-worked: still we do not go so far as
 our friend, Mr. Leathwick; and it will be seen
 by the following extract from an effusion
 which reached us about the same time as the
 Rhymer's Ramble, that there are persons who
 entertain a very different opinion of L. E. L.
 from either Mr Leathwick or ourselves. We
 insert an extract, as a note, and shall only
 observe, 'Who shall decide when poets dis-
 agree?'—ED]:—

* * * * *
 Hireling reviewers of a venial age,
 How can you praise her dull unvaried page?
 Poor in ideas, but in bathos rich,
 Of modern fal-la sentiment the witch:
 Blackwood, alone, has dared to chide one ditty,
 And he excuses her,—because she's pretty.
 True, you are pretty—therefore rest content
 And write not that which Nature never meant;
 Scribble love-songs, to that alone aspire,
 Content to set your lover's heart on fire;
 His youthful Hyson heart, 'bloom and green
 leaves,'†
 (Vide your poems he who disbelieves),
 With tortures, darts, &c. fill his breast,
 But marry ere the flame has sunk to rest;
 Before (it is the way with all mankind)
 Withered and false his green-tea heart you find.
 T—T.

† Vide one of this sentimental young lady's
 'occasional pieces' in that discriminating and
 correctly-judging paper, the Literary Gazette.
 I forget the number. Singing of youth, she
 describes it as the time when—

'The heart is all bloom and green leaves.'
 Green tea must certainly be the Hippocrene of
 L. E. L. as gin and water was Byron's. Hyson
 alone could have inspired such a new, elegant,
 and appropriate simile.

There's Etty's 'Combat,' an ideal fight,
 Of spirited composing—Allan's 'Murray';
 It seems to me too crowded for the sight,
 Though murder's certainly a thing to flurry!
 There's 'Nonpareil,' an animal all right,
 'Monitor,' a 'Cat's Head,' looking very
 purry,
 Portraits of coxcombs, spaniels, sundry faces,—
 Peers, priests, and pensioners, and divers
 graces.
 There's Byron's noble head, and Mina's face,—
 Fit company! There's 'Conrad and Gul-
 naire!'
 'Mary,' by Westall, in the which I trace
 Hardness of outline—yet the picture's fair!
 There's Bosworth's field, where Richard ran
 his race,
 A master's composition, 'rich and rare!'
 And there's 'our Saviour crowned with Thorns,'
 by Hilton!
 In painting this R. A.'s a kind of Milton!
 There's David Wilkie's 'Highland Family,'
 Leslie's 'Slender,' and 'Sir Walter Scott,'
 And 'Mistress Peel,' whom 'tis a treat to see,
 'Olivia and Viola,' without spot,
 The 'Turkish Travelling Druggist,' by Mul-
 ready—
 Others of talent, which I mention not—
 The 'Trial of Lord Russell,' by G. Hayter—
 Poor Rachael's eye alone stamps him creator!
 There's Turner's landscape, a most glorious
 thing,
 Worthy the mind who gave its beauty being.
 I wish I could in loftier numbers sing;
 But, reader, 'twill repay thee for the seeing,
 And to thine eye will nature's own self bring:
 I'm sure with this thou soon wilt be agreeing!
 Fame is thine own—well hast thou toiled to
 earn her—
 Long may'st thou live to wear thy honours,
 Turner!
 But I must step into the School of Painting,
 Or I shall put your patience to the test;
 And Mr. Editor will be attainting
 His correspondent's waywardness—con-
 fessed
 Am I in rambling rhyming—Don't be fainting!
 At once I'll set your kindling fears at rest—
 I pray thee now suppress each rising stricture,
 And let me call your thoughts to Danby's
 picture!
 Conceive you see a wildly-rolling deep
 Cresting its monstrous waves with blood,
 not foam,
 O'erwhelming myriads in an endless sleep—
 That dared within its hollow breast to roam!
 Warriors and coursers try in vain to leap
 From out that gulf that now is grave and
 home!
 Ah! what avail the chariot, spear, and brand?
 Their eyes shall ne'er awaken on the land!
 Their warring with the waters is but vain,
 The proud-souled ruler and his mailed host
 No more shall view th' Egyptian shores again,
 But, in the billows of destruction lost,
 Swell the majestic triumph of the main,
 And know, in death, how fertile was their
 hoast—
 Whilst those that erst they scorned in safety
 stand,
 Saved by Jehovah's never-failing hand!
 Think more than this, and all that you can
 think
 Will fall far short of the Creation;
 Go, search that chain of genius, link by link,
 And thou wilt be enwrapt in admiration!

Come here—behold these dark pursuers sink,
And there, preserved, the Israelitish nation,
Whilst from the clouds the thunder peals seem
rolling,
And for the dead unhallowed dirges tolling !
And mark yon glowing stream of light supernal,
That falls upon the multitude below,
Tinging the rocks and crags with light eternal,
And brightening visages devoid of woe,
And forms all numbered in a heavenly journal.
I lose myself among the thoughts that glow
Within my breast! To turn from mindless
glances
To such a sight as this my soul entrances!
Yes, painter, ponder on these themes sublime!
Give thy soul vent, as thou hast done before,
And thou wilt live in after, nay all time,
Unmoved by petty Envy's howling roar!
Thy fame shall spread through every distant
chime,
Till praise and fame and time shall be no
more!
And unborn men shall say, 'This man had
power
To portray God in his terrific hour !'
And have I roused thee, reader,—pray excuse
My dwelling thus so long upon this theme;
If thou'rt a poet, thou wilt know'st, the muse
Will, like all women, have her way—my
dream
Of ecstasy I did not like to lose;
And to be grateful is but just, I deem!—
But, bless me! how these lines accumulate;
I must make haste, 'tis growing very late.

I saw th' 'Edystone Light-house in a Storm :'
Daniel's a good historian of the sea;
It here is viewed in all its awful form,
The scene is well depicted.—Horribly
The booming billows break in madness warm
Upon the rock, where yet, untauntedly,
Is reared the merciful and brilliant blaze,
That warns the wave-tossed sailor with its
rays.

I likewise saw some more unmeaning plizzes—
The Honourable Mrs. — and daughters;
About a score of fashionable misses,
And half a troop of captains on the waters;
Dicks, Bills, Bobbies, Nannies, Jennies, Lizzies,
And near a dozen leaders of land slaughters,
In great room—all rooms; wander where I
will,
There portraits after portraits meet me still.

Here was my Lord —, and there my lady;
Here, a carcass-butcher from Whitechapel;
There, a Wigsby, like a Turkish Cadi;
Here, an ass, with clothing sleek and dapple;
There, a dowager, but somewhat fady;
Here, a rosy miss, like bloom of apple;
And, in the midst, a portrait, fine and well
done,
'The law's delay,—the conscience-keeping
E—n!

I'm getting weary, Editor, of writing,
And you, peruser, may, perchance, of read-
ing;
In truth, these verses are for length affrighting:
I don't know how it is, there's no receding
When once I do begin—but don't be slighting
These hobbling rhymes of mine, they may
be le ding

Thoughts from a dream of trouble or despair—
Reluming eye, and robbing heart of care!

Well, now I must to bed,—I think 'tis time;
'The witching hour of night' hath long been
past;

And, ah! I hear an oft-heard distant chime,
That tells me two o'clock is come at last!
Gone is my rambling fit of tuneless rhyme,
And I to slumbery power shall soon be cast.
So reader, editor, and each, good night,—
I wish ye pleasant sleep and visions bright!
Edmonton. J. J. L.

FINE ARTS.

*The Lord's Prayer engraved in a circle one
eighth of an inch diameter.* By R. WIL-
LIAMSON.

THERE are numerous instances on record of
the wonders of minute art, from the time that
Myrmecides made a chariot with four wheels
and four horses in ivory, and a ship with all
her tackling, so small that a bee could conceal
each with its wings, down to the present
day, when, as will be seen in a late *Chro-
nicle*, a Dutch spinster and weaver have ma-
nufactured cloth of thread so fine as to be im-
perceptible without a magnifying-glass: these
instances of fine and exquisite workmanship
are not, perhaps, the most remarkable, since
we find, at least if Hadrianus Junius is to
be credited, that at Mechlin, in Brabant, a
cherry-stone was exhibited in the form of a
basket, which contained fourteen pair of dice,
distinct; nay, farther, that one Ozwaldus
Northingerus actually manufactured sixteen
hundred dishes, complete in every part, yet
so small that the whole could be inclosed in
a case made out of a peppercorn of ordinary
size!!! Then there is Turriano, who manu-
factured iron mills so powerful as to grind as
much in a day as eight men would eat, and
yet so small that they might be concealed in
the pocket, or even sleeve of a monk. But,
to come to a later period and better-authen-
ticated facts, Arnold, the chronometer-maker,
presented his late majesty with a watch, a
repeater, which, although it contained one
hundred and twenty pieces, was not larger
in diameter than a silver two-pence, and did
not weigh more than about five pennyweights.

In penmanship, too, there have been many
efforts of rivalry in diminution: the most suc-
cessful we have met with, previous to the
print before us, was the Lord's Prayer in the
circle of three sixteenths of an inch; but
even this effort, surprising as it is, has been
surpassed by the print before us, in which
Mr. Williamson has engraved, on a steel
plate, the whole of the Lord's Prayer within
a circle of one-eighth of an inch diameter. To
the naked eye the writing is unintelligible,
but to a good magnifying-glass its singular
beauty and correctness are manifest, and it
may be read distinctly. This singular spec-
imen of minute art surmounts the head of
Jesus Christ, in a representation of the cru-
cifixion, extremely well engraved; the whole
is surrounded by a chaste and well-designed
border, and the print is, altogether, a beau-
tiful, curious, and interesting specimen of art.

*Milton's Paradise Lost. Illustrated by John
Martin, Esq. Parts II. and III.* Lon-
don, 1825 Prowett.

In our notice of the first part of this work,
we spoke in terms of warm commendation of

the talent displayed by Mr. Martin, in illus-
trating the work of our great epic poet, and
of the style in which it was got up; the se-
cond and third parts show no decline either
of taste or talent—the graphic parts are as
original and as well executed, and in the ty-
pography there is the reverse of a falling
off. The subjects in part the second are, the
'Creation of Light,' and 'Pandemonium.'
The third part contains the 'Conflict between
Satan and Death,' and 'The Rivers of Bliss.'
They all display that vigour of conception
and power of execution which distinguish
the pencil of Martin; and, although he is an
artist who is much indebted for his reputa-
tion to his style in colouring, yet these en-
gravings, which are designed and executed
by himself, in many respects make as near
an approach to the originals as a print can do
to a painting. The 'Creation' is evidently
taken from the picture painted by Mr. Mar-
tin, now exhibiting in London, in the gallery
of the Society of British Artists.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—On Tuesday a
new afterpiece was produced at this theatre,
called the *Recluse*. It is translated from *La
Sibylle*, a piece which has been popular in
Paris. English and French tastes, however,
differ, or perhaps the thing has been done
into English in a clumsy manner, for the
Recluse was but very indifferently received,
though quite as well as it deserved. Some
of the music, by Carafa, is pretty, but, as
a whole, the *Recluse* is a wretched produc-
tion.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Charles Ma-
thews is no longer At Home, to the metro-
politans, having closed his *Memorandum-
Book* and his season, on Thursday night.
Throughout the whole forty nights he has
appeared, he has been honoured with crowd-
ed houses, who have, by the most unequiv-
ocal proofs, testified their delight at his
multifarious and highly amusing entertain-
ment.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The company
at this theatre, which certainly stood much
in need of additional strength, was reinforced
on Wednesday by the accession of Mr. Lis-
ton, who appeared in the character of Billy
Lackaday, in the comedy of *Swiss hearts and
Wives*. The character, which Liston has made
and must keep as his own, is a ludicrous
mixture of love, cunning, and imbecility,
and the author does not appear these by
turns, but a mixture of the whole at once.
The situations in which the actor is placed
are often extravagantly ridiculous; but, as
they are so many opportunities for Liston to
display his quaint drollery and irresistible
grimace, they all tell, with an audience pre-
disposed to be pleased with, and laugh at,
everything this favourite of the public does.
Liston, on his *entré*, and during the per-
formance, was received with shouts of ap-
plause; the other characters were well sus-
tained.

APOLLONICON.—On Thursday last, the
pupils belonging to the Royal Academy of

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LITERATURE.

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Music attended this delightful performance, previous to its closing for the season. Mr. Adams greatly distinguished himself in his extempore performances, particularly in a masterly fugue; but the most effective piece was the overture to *Der Freischutz*, which was loudly encored. The room was very fashionably attended.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Last Spirit, a poem, by John Lawson, author of *Orient Harping*, &c. &c. is in the press.

A new weekly periodical, appropriated to the fine arts, has been commenced, under the title of *The Parthenon*; the letter-press and embellishments are all printed from stone at the same time, by a new process, called typolithography. The printing is much inferior to that of ordinary letter-press; but the facility of combining embellishments with it is an advantage which cannot be had with copper-plates, though such an art is believed to have existed.

A bill is now before Parliament for the better preservation of peace and good order in the Universities in England, by which the chancellor or vice-chancellor is authorized to appoint constables within the precincts of the university. In the absence of the chancellor or vice-chancellor, any pro-vice-chancellor, or deputy vice-chancellor, may execute the powers of this act. By another clause, it is enacted, that common prostitutes and night-walkers shall be deemed idle and disorderly persons within the meaning of the act of last session, and may be apprehended and dealt with accordingly.

Andrew Baldrence, a mechanical genius in Paisley, has invented a machine for cutting Chenille wefts. This is an object of no small importance, so far as regards this kind of manufacture. The Chenille shawls are highly beautiful, especially when made of silk. The manufacture of them is also very ingenious. The weft is first made into cloth, and again cut up in parts; when it is afterwards retwined, and then rewoven; the fabric, when finished, having the appearance of velvet on both sides. Hitherto the weft has been cut up by females, a mode by no means certain or regular; and the machine is intended to perform this labour with additional speed and accuracy. This improvement will give the cloth a finer surface, and enable the manufacturers of these goods to be more successful in their business.

On Thursday, the 9th instant, a general assembly of the Royal Academicians was held at their apartments in Somerset House, when Henry Thompson, Esq. R. A. was elected Keeper of the Royal Academy; and Thomas Phillips, Esq. R. A. was elected Professor of Painting, both in the room of Henry Fuseli, Esq., deceased.

The recent Sale at Evans's.—There are no bounds to the rapacity of collectors of books and manuscripts, nor any reasonable limits to the prices which articles of any curiosity relating to literature obtain at the present day. At this sale three manuscript romances on vellum, viz. *Le Roman du Roy Arts*, *Leu*

Roman de Lancelot da Lac et de San Gréal and *Recueil d'Histoires Sacrées et Profanes*, were purchased by Mr. Thorpe for 215*l*. We suspect they will be transferred to Mr. Heber. Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, illustrated, was bought by Mr. Soane, for 130 guineas. The Malborough Gems were purchased by Mr. Pettigrew, to enrich the splendid library of the Duke of Sussex, for 57*l*. 15*s*. A Collection of Original Notes on the Greek Anthologia, in manuscript, by the poet Gray, were sold to Thorpe for 53*l*. 11*s*. Rogeri Baconis Opuscula, an ancient manuscript upon vellum, with the autograph of Sir Kenelm Digby, produced 51*l*.; and Procli Expositio in Platonis Opera, a very ancient manuscript upon vellum, apparently of the twelfth century, with the autograph, likewise, of Sir Kenelm Digby, were, we believe, bought by Thorpe for the Bodleian Library, since it would appear, by the inscription in each, that Sir Kenelm intended to bequeath them to that institution—they cost 82*l*. 10*s*. Camden's Britannia, enlarged by Gough and illustrated, produced 1*l*. 0*s*.; and Col. Bagwell gave 63*l*. 5*s*. for Butler's Hudibras, by Gray, illustrated. Other works were sold at equally extravagant prices. The six days' sale realized between four and five thousand pounds.

Roman Gold Coin.—A few days since, as a farmer was ploughing a field a little distance from this city, he turned up a beautiful gold coin of Domitian, the Roman emperor, in the highest state of preservation. The inscriptions on the legend are as follow, viz.:—Obverse, CAES. AVG. F. DOMIT. COS. III. (with a laurel head). Reverse, PRINCEPS JUVVENTUT (with an elegant full-length female figure). This curious and ancient coin, weighing 113 grains, is now in the possession of Mr. Shirley Woolmer, of this city.—*Exeter Gazette*.

Balloon Ascent.—Mr. Graham made his promised ascent with his balloon on Tuesday, from the gardens of the Bedford Arms, Camden Town, accompanied by two young ladies, whose names were not suffered to transpire. The ascent was announced to take place at four o'clock, but it was seven before the necessary preparations were completed. As soon as the car was attached, the two female aeronauts were conducted to the platform by an elderly gentleman, said to be their father. They were dressed alike, in nankeen habits, seal-skin caps, and white veils; and seemed to be sisters, about twenty and twenty-three years of age. Their features were pleasing, and their whole appearance respectable and prepossessing. They stepped into the car without betraying the slightest timidity; indeed, the cheeks of one of them glowed with the flush of delight; those of the other were paler; but both talked and laughed merrily. Mr. Graham stepped in between them, and remained standing in the centre of the car. The fastenings were then undone, the balloon arose steadily, the ladies waved a flag each to the multitude beneath, who, in return, cheered them most heartily so long as they remained within hearing.—Mr. Graham and his two ladies, after a pleasant voyage of nearly an hour, alighted in perfect safety at Feltham, between three and

four miles beyond Hounslow, where they experienced every attention from the country people; and, having partaken of some refreshment, a chaise was procured for them, in which they arrived in town in high spirits, about half-past twelve o'clock.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon	11 o'clock Night	Barom 1 o'clock Noon	Weather
June 10	61	74	66	30 34	Fair.
.... 11	64	75	66	.. 25	Do.
.... 12	67	79	65	.. 19	Do.
.... 13	66	78	60	.. 23	Do.
.... 14	62	76	60	.. 35	Do.
.... 15	60	73	59	.. 33	Do.
.... 16	60	76	58	.. 20	Do.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Architectural Ingenuity.—Last week we reviewed a very humorous and a very costly little publication, as our readers may perhaps recollect, entitled *Hints to some Churchwardens*; in which were given many notable rules and inventions for improving old churches. The buildings so beautified and adorned were chiefly specimens of country architecture; but we think that the author might have adduced an example of ingenuity and taste from a church in this metropolis—no other, in fact, than that of St. Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside, equal to any he has given. It seems, that it was found necessary to employ an iron tube as a chimney to some stove within the church; now the difficulty was not how to conceal this tube, or how to give it an ornamental form, either of which might easily have been done, but how to do it in an original and striking manner: and this has been effected—certainly by some churchwarden, for no architect could have hit upon so clever an expedient—by knocking out one of the upper panells of a door (on the south side of the church), and bringing out the said tube, which thus intersects the pediment over the door, in the most picturesque way imaginable! Besides, the idea of a chimney coming out of a door is so very droll and waggish, that we are sure the eminent artist (we regret that we cannot give his name) must have been a great wit as well as a great mechanical genius.

When the 'Beggars Opera' was under rehearsal last season at the Haymarket Theatre, Miss Paton expressed a wish to sing the air of 'The miser thus a shilling sees' a note higher; to which the stage-manager immediately replied, 'Then, miss, you must sing, "The miser thus a guinea sees."'

Burns once dined at an inn on the banks of the Forth, and wrote on the pane of glass:—'I dined at this inn, and, as I'm a sinner, They charged me eighteen-pence for my dinner; But, if ever I travel again this road, I'll not dine here, "so help me G—d!"'

The Dead Sea.—Whoever has seen the Dead Sea will ever after have its aspect pressed on his memory; it is, in truth, a gloomy and fearful spectacle. The precipices,

in general, descend abruptly into the lake, and, on account of their height, it is seldom agitated by the winds; its shores are not visited by any footstep save that of the wild Arab, and he holds it in superstitious dread. On some parts of the rocks there is a thick sulphureous incrustation, which appears foreign to their substance: and in their steep descents there are several deep caverns, where the benighted Bedouin sometimes finds a home. No unpleasant effluvia are perceptible around it, and birds are seen occasionally flying across. For a considerable distance from the bank the water appeared very shallow; this, with the soft slime of the bottom, and the fatigue we had undergone, prevented our trying its buoyant properties by bathing. A few inches beneath the surface of the mud are found those black sulphureous stones, out of which crosses are made and sold to the pilgrims. The water has an abominable taste, in which that of salt predominates; and we observed incrustations of salt on the surface of some of the rocks.—*New Monthly Mag.*

An advertisement in 1702 gives the following whole-length portrait of a youth in middle life:—He is of a fair complexion, light brown lank hair, having on a dark brown frieze coat, double-breasted on each side, with black buttons and button-holes; a light druggist waistcoat, red shag breeches striped with black stripes, and black stockings.

Lord Eldon's Last Joke.—In the House of Lords on Thursday, Lord King presented a petition from Dr. McLean, the great antagonist, on the subject of the plague, in which his lordship ridiculed the fears of those who dreaded the introduction of this scourge of humanity into this country. The Lord Chancellor did not oppose the petition, but shrewdly observed, that if the plague should be introduced into that house, their lordships would not be at a loss for a name for it—thereby insinuating that it would be the *King's Evil*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Reviews of Walpole's Letters to Lord Hertford, Ambition, and other works, together with our concluding notice of Bayley's History of the Tower, are unavoidably deferred till our next.

If the author of a Vision is not dreaming, he will see the propriety of not sending as original to a literary journal what he has already sent to a daily paper. J. H. will understand us.

Several communications remain under consideration, and some, we confess, have been mislaid.

Works published since our last notice.—Hamilton's Hand-Book, 9s. 6d.—Carrington's Plutus of Aristophanes, 5s. 6d.—Sunday-Evening Lectures, new edition, 2 vols. 8s.—A Month in France, 8vo. 9s.—Gilchrist's East-India Vade-Mecum, 8vo. 18s.—Young's Catalogue of the Marquis of Stafford's Gallery, 2 vols. 4to. 6l. 6s.—McNeil's Sermons, 8vo. 12s.—Robinson's Christian System, new edition, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 7s.—Facellæ Cantabrigienses, 5s.—Evelyn's Miscellaneous Works, royal 4to. 3l. 10s.—Tales of My Grandmother, 2 vols. 14s.—Segur's Campaign, 2 vols. 25s.—Taylor's Household Furniture, 72 coloured plates, 4to. 3l. 3s.

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